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SIXPENCE.
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THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.
From the Painting by Thérèse Schwartz.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

Holidays have a weird fascination for the pessimist. He likes to imagine (especially when he is sweltering in London) that people who have gone to the sea are suffering a vast amount of discomfort for a very small benefit. If the sea have no attraction for him, either on its bosom or at its marge, he deprecates the convention which drags a multitude of unwilling citizens to various popular beaches in August, and sends them home again, limp and dispirited. He remembers the awful moments when, as a helpless infant, he was ducked in the brine by a stalwart and remorseless bathing-woman. The progress of mankind is often disputed; but a solid proof of it, to my mind, is the disappearance of that terrible female. Though a sailor's son, born on the sea, and literally rocked in the cradle of the deep; though familiar with tempests, through memories of which the sounds of stern orders from a speaking-trumpet still haunt my ears; though touched with strange longings at the sight of spreading canvas (for I was born on a sailing-ship), and intoxicated by the subtle odour of tarred rope, I cannot linger near salt water, for any time without profound depression. Disraeli figured the Celtic temperament surrounded, like Ireland, by a melancholy ocean, and perhaps this affinity explains my megrims at the seaside. At Arachon last autumn, when I got up early in the morning to rouse the oysters from their little beds, I could have wept more sincere tears than were shed by the Walrus on a famous occasion.

But I was speaking of the pessimist and his distaste for other people's holidays. Bank Holiday moves him to wrath. He sees in it nothing but a saturnalia, registered in the police-courts next morning. The family excursion to the seaside summons up a vision of domestic worries, exasperated by this change of scene. The worry becomes articulate, and addresses its unfortunate slave. "Why have you snatched me from my comfortable home?" it says. "Have not the years taught you that I cannot stand it? At home I make things disagreeable for you in reason. The study chimney smokes, the cook gives notice, and you have the annual row with the landlord about repairs. I arrange these little affairs on the cheapest terms, and you suffer the smallest loss of time and temper. But here, my good man, you provoke me beyond bounds. The rooms, you will notice, are not the same you had last year. They are intolerably stuffy, and I beg you to look at the furniture. The glass over the sitting-room mantelpiece has upset your wife already, for it gives her wrinkles. You will do me the justice to admit that she never saw them at home. She has already told you that the landlady is sadly changed for the worse. Look out for squalls! And the children, for whose sake you take this so-called holiday, you flatter yourself that they are already better for the pleasant sea-breeze. Oh, indeed! Pray observe the speaking countenance of little Tommy. Do you see a curious flush on his cheek and an unwholesome glitter in his eye? Now, hitherto, I have let little Tommy alone. I rather like the boy; but if you will drag me out of town in this irrational way, I must retaliate!"

Then the pessimist goes further, and blankly denies that holidays are refreshing to anybody. There is an absurd delusion among studious men, he says, that if they take some work out of town they will be able to do it with extraordinary ease and vigour in the intervals of cycling, golfing, fishing. What happens? They cycle, golf, and fish, and these delightful occupations absorb so much of the ease and vigour that nothing is left for the work but lassitude and yawns. Why doesn't the editor of the *Academy* submit this question to literary persons? "Do you work better in town or country, at home or abroad?" How many men and women can write with equal facility under the shadow of Primrose Hill and by the shores of Como? Are you stimulated by the glaciers near the Riffel Alp, or does your fancy refuse to run in harness without the zephyrs that play round the myriad chimney-stacks of London? Personally (if I may offer a modest experience), I have suffered in an orange-garden of the Riviera from the nostalgia of a far-away wood pavement. As I looked over the expanse of blue sea and olive groves, I felt that, for the purpose of turning out "copy," I was a creature of hansom cabmen and organ-grinders! Bird-calls gave no swiftness to the imagination, no fluency to the pen. I yearned for the stimulating footfall of the policeman on his night-watch. London is a jealous and exacting mother who stretches out her hands to her children, though they wander to the uttermost parts of the earth. Don't you feel that, you whose eye may light on this paragraph in exile? What would you not give now for one draught of life within the four-mile radius? Does not our great London mother clutch at your heart-strings when you think of the solemn beauty which broods over Westminster Bridge at nightfall, when the lights troop in squadrons near the Parliament Houses (so much more impressive now they are empty) and from the shining sentinel of the Clock Tower booms the majestic salute to Time?

I apologise to the pessimist for this sentimental digression. His next point is that a holiday is a conventional fraud, because its professed object of invigorating

mind and body is futile. The body may gain by cycling, fishing, and golf, but the mind languishes. Nothing could be more mistaken, says this philosopher, than the maxim about a sound mind in a sound body, for most of the really great work in the world has been done by sound minds in unsound bodies. The mind, I suspect, is jealous of the body, and, if it were quite candid, would deliver itself in this style: "This foolish body in which I am imprisoned for some original sin which even the theologians have not attempted to explain, is never so intolerable as when it goes cycling and golfing and gives itself athletic airs. There is nothing fitting then for my self-respect but sleep. When you meet your most intellectual friend on a bicycle, don't you observe that he is incapable of discussing anything more ethereal than a brake or a puncture? That is because I decline to take any part in these proceedings. But give me a man whose body is weakly, and therefore deferential to me, who lies on a sofa by the hour and smokes, who has a low opinion of exercise, and regards gymnastics as the invention of the infernal powers. Give me such a man and I will make him a 'genius.'" I fear that the mind overstates its case; but there is a good deal of exaggeration on the other side. What says the body? "Of all the conceited egotistical companions to which flesh can be chained, surely this mind takes the palm! I can't use the dumb-bells in the morning, but it complains of being bored. If I take a course of Sandow's exercises in physical culture, it says that a lifetime devoted to mere muscle is degrading. I can stand a mind which keeps accounts and writes out the bill of fare; but when it tries to drag me off the cycle-track and the towing-path and the parallel-bar by maudering about the claims of the higher existence, I feel just sick. Shade of Hercules! who performed such wonders with your biceps and not with your brains, deliver me from this pestilent mind!"

I wish to be impartial in this controversy; but it must be admitted that gymnastics are becoming despotic. Not content with your limbs and your vertebral column, they have spread to the mouth. In an excellent manual, entitled "Clear Speaking and Good Reading," I find a series of "mouth exercises." First, you "open the mouth wide." This needs caution, because "sometimes a person is found who, when the mouth is wide open, cannot shut it again." The remedy seems rather violent: "In such a case insert the thumbs into the mouth, push the lower jaw back, push it down, and then pull it forward." In my childhood I used to be greatly edified by the story of Androcles and the lion: how Androcles found the lion with a thorn in one of its paws, drew out the thorn, and was so gratefully remembered that when he met the lion in the Roman arena the royal beast refused to eat him, but affectionately licked his feet. The inventor of that tale would have made it far more effective if the lion had opened its mouth too wide and Androcles had carried out the thrilling directions I have quoted. Well, having recovered the use of your jaws, you "open and close mouth rapidly, twist lower jaw to left and right," and manœuvre with your teeth as if you would like to eat the instructor. But the most striking exercise is number six: "Uncover the teeth and strongly wrinkle the nose." I am sure the earnest student will not shrink even from this, and that in a drawing-room a pretty girl will suddenly look very serious and say, "Oh, excuse me one moment, I have quite forgotten my nose exercise to-day," and turning her face in a corner, will go through this rite amidst the respectful silence of the company.

Nay, why should she turn her face? The author of the manual knows that proper enunciation cannot be taught without thorough discipline. "All pupils should be trained to be not afraid of making faces." So when the pretty girl is practising her liquid vowels not only on your enraptured ear, but also on your slightly less enraptured eye, why should she be afraid to wrinkle her nose strongly and disclose her pretty teeth, just before she murmurs in a low, clear voice the words for which your passionate heart is craving? There is too much mumbling in society, too much of the "prunes and prism" method of articulation amongst women. Let us manage our vowels, by all means, on the most scientific plan. My only fear is that the pursuit of "vocal gymnastics" will be carried to excess like the athletics of our younger generation. Suppose, when you go out to dinner, all the ladies at the table should start wrinkling their noses simply for the love of the thing! The complaint of athletic sports is that instead of being kept within bounds, they monopolise all the energies; and I am afraid of a similar excess when we begin the assiduous cultivation of our vowels.

A true tale of a publisher. He declined a novel, and remained proof against the author's persuasiveness even in an interview. Some days later he received a letter, written by the author to another publisher, and put into the wrong envelope. The author said, "I offered my novel to X. Y., who refused it. Till I saw him I had not thought there was such an ass in the trade. However, don't tell him this. He may improve!" I suppose a publisher is inured to pleasantries of this kind, and would not hesitate to publish them if a suitable anthology could be made. Indeed, the publisher who told me this anecdote spoke quite kindly of the author's humour, as if he thought it a good omen for the next novel from that quarter!

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen left the Isle of Wight for Balmoral on Wednesday evening, to reach her Highland residence on Thursday afternoon.

The birthday of the late Prince Consort, on Aug. 27, was commemorated at Osborne by an entertainment given to all the servants of the Queen's Household. The officers and crews of the royal yachts at Cowes and Spithead were invited to Osborne. The Earl and Countess of Strathmore, Sir Nicholas O'Connor, the Admiral-Superintendent of Portsmouth, and other naval officers dined with the Queen. The Burmese Prince of the Shan tribes, Theebaw Sawbwa, visited her Majesty. The Duke and Duchess of York, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Aribert of Anhalt, and Princess Henry of Battenberg accompanied the Queen in the last days at Osborne.

The Duke of Cambridge, on a visit to the Marquis of Londonderry, at Seaham, inspected the 2nd Durham Artillery Volunteers on Saturday, and on Sunday was present at a church parade of twelve hundred cyclists.

The Duke of York has left England, with the Duchess, for Copenhagen, whence he will return with the Princess of Wales, after keeping the birthday of the Queen of Denmark.

The training squadron, under Commodore E. Poe, H.M.S. *Raleigh*, in the North Sea, has visited Christiania and other Norwegian ports, Stockholm, and Copenhagen. On Monday the King of Denmark, with the Princes and Prince George of Greece, visited our ships.

The Library Association held its annual meeting last week at Southport; the president was the Earl of Crawford, by whom the members were received at Haigh Hall, Wigan.

The annual conference of the Institute of Journalists, presided over by Sir Edward Russell, has been held at Nottingham this week.

There seems now, at length, to be some prospect of putting an end to the Welsh collieries strike. On Saturday, at Cardiff, the Emergency Committee of the Monmouthshire and South Wales Coalowners' Association, Sir W. T. Lewis presiding, conferred with the workmen's representatives, negotiating through Mr. William Abraham and Mr. Lewis Miles, upon the terms of a four years' agreement for a sliding-scale of wages, but terminable at six months' notice by the workmen in case of the employers reducing wages below a certain standard. It is referred to the vote of a general conference of workmen. The Pifeshire colliers threaten to strike for an advance of wages.

Mr. Akers-Douglas, M.P., who has represented East Kent during eighteen years, was last week made an honorary freeman of the borough of Deal.

Cross's Menagerie was destroyed on Aug. 25 by an accidental fire in Earle Street, Liverpool, and many valuable wild beasts—four lions, a Bengal tiger, and five or six of the leopard kind—perished in the flames.

Spain and the United States of America have begun to bring home their soldiers from Cuba, many of them invalids and sadly debilitated by the fever of a bad summer climate. Of the first landed at Corunna, some died immediately after removal from the ship. In America, the War Office is assailed with complaints of the want of due sanitary care for the troops at Santiago. General Shafter and Commodore Schley have returned from the war. Food supplies have been sent to Havana and Puerto Rico; and also from Australian ports to Manila. The task of establishing tolerable government in the Philippines seems likely to be as difficult as in Crete. It appears, from Madrid official statistics, that since March 1895 Spain has sent 235,000 soldiers to maintain her rule in Cuba, of whom 50,000 have died, 70,000 have been invalided, and the rest are now to be brought home. The Cuban public debt has been increased to a hundred millions sterling, and the war expenditure in Spain is probably not much less.

The whole of the British naval squadron on the Chinese station, under command of Admiral Sir E. Seymour, has been suddenly assembled at Wei-Hai-Wei. Diplomacy is busy at Peking.

The Emperor and Empress of Russia on Sunday at Moscow, with all the imperial family and the Queen of Greece, attended the grand ceremony of unveiling the national monument of the Emperor Alexander II. in the Kremlin, especially designed to commemorate the emancipation of the serfs by that monarch's decree of 1862, and his other measures of reform for the benefit of the people. There were stately ecclesiastical services at the Cathedral of the Assumption and in the Church of the Chudof Monastery, an address from the Municipality, presented by Prince Galitzin, and a banquet at the Palace. A Museum of Art is to be erected at Moscow as a memorial of Alexander II.

Russian official journals deny the truth of the rumour that a Russian naval station is about to be established in the Red Sea.

An Imperial British Commission of Inquiry, to consist of Sir John Brampton, of the Colonial Office, and Admiral Sir James Erskine, with the Earl of Westmeath as secretary, has been appointed to examine the operation of the French treaty rights on the shores of Newfoundland.

A French fishing-schooner was sunk last week by collision with a steamer on the Banks of Newfoundland and eighteen men were drowned.

The Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Italy have returned from a yachting excursion to the Arctic Ocean as far as Archangel and Spitzbergen, combined with shooting bears and other sport. King Humbert has been visiting his loyal city of Turin. Milan and other towns recently disturbed by Red Republican violence have been released from the state of siege.

The elections for the Legislative Assembly of the Cape Colony have returned thirty-four candidates of the Afrikaner Bond, with Dutch sympathies, opposed to Mr. Cecil Rhodes; while those elected in favour of his party, called Progressives and Independents, together number thirty-three.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The attachment of the Dutch to the House of Orange needs no explanation. Had I to compare William the Silent with any liberator in modern history, the name that would most readily come to my pen would be that of Joan of Arc. I am not overlooking the claims of either Cromwell, Washington, Wallenstein, Garibaldi, Cavour, or Victor Emmanuel in the same direction. Not one of these accomplished the herculean task of freeing a nation from a foreign yoke in the face of such overwhelming odds as those that confronted the founder of the independence of the Netherlands. This is not a mere random assertion on my part, nor need the reader take it on trust; the careful perusal of a very few books will soon convince him that I am not exaggerating. It is no wonder, then, that in spite of many errors of William the Silent's descendants, lineal as well as collateral, the Dutch have always been willing to condone the sins of all for the sake of that great ancestor.

Again, if proof of this were wanted, one would only have to point to some episodes in the life of Prince Maurice of Nassau, and in our own time to that contemplated, but happily frustrated cession of Luxemburg to Napoleon III. by the last King. Nevertheless, the temporary breach occasioned by that error once healed, the loyalty of the Dutch towards this last male, though not lineal, descendant of William the Silent suffered no diminution, and when, some twenty years ago, the House of Orange was practically threatened with extinction, the grief of his people was probably as poignant as that of William III. himself.

The position was this. At the death of Sophie of Wurtemberg, William the Third's consort, the sexagenarian monarch had but four male relatives left whose accession to the throne would involve no burning questions within the country and be unopposed by the European Powers. They were his two sons, his brother, and his uncle. Both these sons were virtually broken reeds as far as the succession was concerned. In spite of their loyalty to the dynasty, it is doubtful whether the Dutch would have enthusiastically hailed the advent of the Prince of Orange at his father's death. They had forgiven many encroachments on the part of their Stadtholders and Kings; they were ready, perhaps, to forgive many more. What they were reluctant to overlook was the indifference to them, their country, their institutions, manners, and customs of the heir to the throne; an indifference not only openly manifested on many occasions, but swaggeringly flaunted among his boon companions of the Second Empire, and emphasised throughout by his deliberate absence from the country over which he was destined to rule. To find so unworthy an heir to the throne as William, Nicholas of Nassau, one would have to go back to Alexis, the son of Peter the Great. My respect for the Dutch nation, with which I proudly claim kinship, and my sincere appreciation of the worth of all the other members of the Orange family, whether dead or alive, have made the writing of the above lines a painful task; I feel confident, however, that no patriotic Netherlander will for a moment disagree with me. The accession of William IV. would have been nothing less than a calamity, and as such it was looked forward to by the best and wisest in the land.

At his mother's demise, "Prince Citron," as the Parisians familiarly—too familiarly—called him, was in an advanced stage of decline; it was an open secret that his days were numbered. The well-known fact probably prevented the King's most trusted advisers from broaching the subject of a diverted succession, especially as there was no one to designate in "Citron's" stead, the younger brother of his Majesty, Prince Henry, being his junior only by three years, and having, moreover, no children. The King's second son, Prince Alexander, was afflicted with incurable spinal disease, and weakness of intellect to boot. The King's uncle was a veteran of eighty with one daughter, the Princess of Wied.

It was under these circumstances that William III. contracted at the age of sixty-two a second marriage. His consort, thirty years younger than he, was Princess Emma of Waldeck-Pyrmont, the sister of the widowed Duchess of Albany. The marriage was celebrated on Jan. 7, 1879; six days later, Prince Henry breathed his last, and five months all but two days after that the Prince of Orange ended his earthly career. The male descendants of the House of Orange were reduced to the more than sexagenarian King, the hopeless invalid Prince Alexander, and the octogenarian Prince Frederick.

Never since the days of Alva had the prospects of the Dutch nation with regard to their independence been so low as then; but on Aug. 13, 1880, the young Queen gave birth to a woman-child, who, with greater reason than the late Comte de Chambord, may be called "l'enfant du miracle." I cordially wish her a long and prosperous reign.

GARDEN THIEVES.

BY A SON OF THE MARSHES.

"Do you know," said an individual in my hearing, "that I never allow a single feathered creature to be killed on my place. They are free to eat their fill, and I consider myself amply repaid by watching them, and in listening to some of their charming songs." But when a dish of choice fruit was placed on that same man's table, and there was just one very slight mark of a bird's bill on one specimen—only one—the gardener was given to understand in very pointed language that he was not to let such a thing occur again.

When the gun is necessary for the due protection of crops, it must be used, and it is a quick death for the depredators; but one does not like to pick up poisoned birds with the marks of their suffering plainly on them.

No one could have a greater admiration for that flutist the blackbird than I have, yet he is a terrible plague to the gardeners at certain seasons. All his manoeuvres and tactics for self-preservation have been played off lately, and it was an easy matter for me to watch him, for a fine fruit-garden is in front of the room in which I write.

Directly it is fairly light, down he comes from his roost in the trees on to the top of the garden wall; he clucks, spreads his tail out, and throws it up, then off he goes into the trees again. This is evidently a signal very well known to other members of his family, for three fine cocks show on that long wall, go through the same movements, and dash back to the trees again. That view from the wall tells that the coast is clear for them to inspect the fine strawberry beds. Cluck, cluck, cluck! and four fine fellows are over the wall, followed by their mates, for when the young are perchers both parents have to work hard for them. It does not take blackbirds long to inspect netted strawberry-beds; if they do not find a weak spot they will soon make one, where allowed. But by some oversight on the gardener's part, as they might imagine, one corner of a long net has not been pegged down; and best of all, some fruit in gathering has been dropped close to that opening. This is soon disposed of; and, made confident by their good luck, all the lot shoot into the centre of the bed to find that the berries had been gathered the night before. Then a man with a light hazel stick comes on the scene, and there is a row. Frightened blackbirds, considering their size, make as much noise as frightened poultry. Three manage to scuffle out somehow, one cock-bird minus his fine tail; the others remain, and presently we see one of the gardeners come down the path with them in his hand.

You can form a very good idea as to the number of blackbirds that a certain district contains—I mean a garden district—if you like to listen to their singing in the evening. If it only rested with the home-bred birds, it would not matter so much, but it does not end here by a long way. How the information is gained by them I do not know; but the fact remains that from outlying woods and copse-covers both blackbirds and song-thrushes make their way to the gardens of large houses where only the choicest fruits are grown. Birds are dainty feeders, and yet wasteful when they feed on fruit; for they sample it—apricots, plums, peaches, and grapes—giving a dig here and a peck there in the sun-ripened parts, a most vexatious and disfiguring operation. For anyone to assert that these birds were after insects would be simple humbug. All the warbler family—the so-called soft-billed birds—go for fruit in its season. You may watch them from early morning until set of sun, using all their small wits in the most clever manner in order to get at net and bag protected fruit. As the fruit must ripen off to a certain degree before it is finally covered for preservation, the gardeners have a most anxious time of it.

The whitethroats are, as the folks call them, "regular pillgrims" where the smaller fruits are concerned. Day by day, week after week, and month after month, from the time of their arrival to that of their departure, have I watched all their proceedings in the garden of one large house. When the young vegetation has just got a fair start, the whitethroats are feathered benefactors, searching and peering on and under the leaves, in mouse-like fashion, for insect life. Sometimes, when searching for aphides, one of the gardener's worst foes, so quiet have the movements been, gliding here and there, that you would take the bird for a mouse. He is loquacious enough at times, but the bird knows how to keep quiet when it suits his purpose. One of the most amusing sights we have seen, in a small compass, was that of a pair of these whitethroats bringing their brood to feed in some currant-bushes. When they first flew into the garden from the woods that surrounded it, their sole care appeared to be the inspection of the ground-crops, flitting here and there in perfect silence, but getting nearer by degrees to the currants. The young ones were pretty little fellows, full of life, jerking about with their short tails raised, pretending to search for insects like their parents. Wishing to see the whole fraud fully carried out, I knelt down close to the path behind some espalier fruit trees, not four feet away from the currant-trees. At last all the lot were in them, but even then the deception was kept up of looking for insects until the bunches of fruit were fairly reached. Then the way in which these gentle beings set to work, filling their crops with currants, was something to remember. Not having seen them there before, I thought from the state of their plumage—they were just able to get over the wall into the garden and back again with their wings—that it was their first visit to it.

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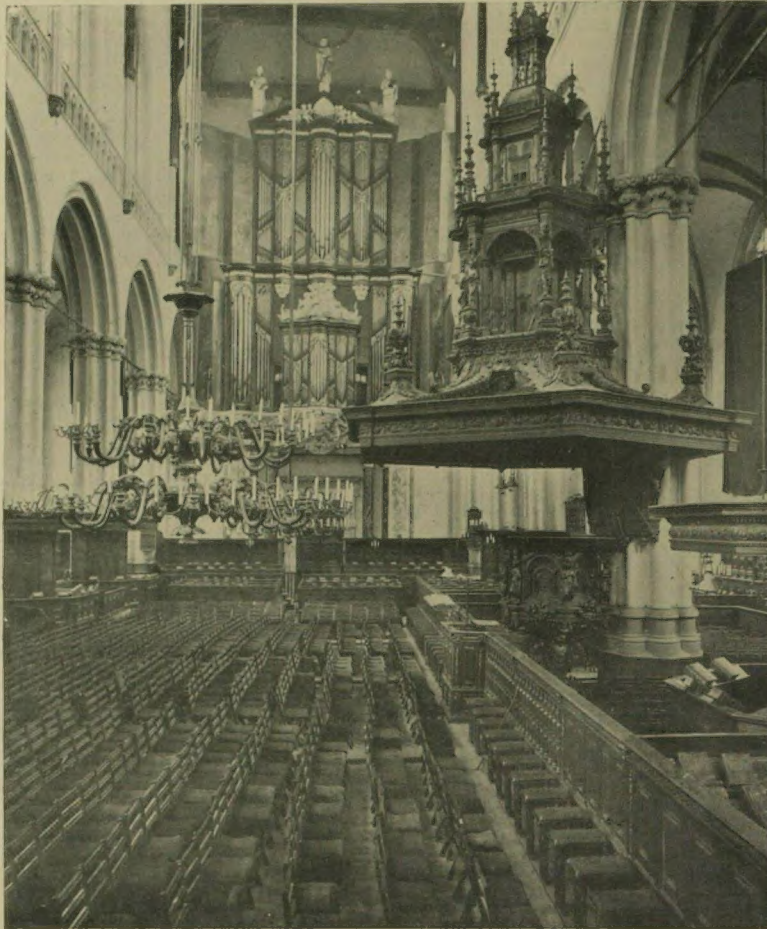
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THE CROWNING OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

THE YOUNG QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

"Queen of Netherland" is her proper royal title, for Holland, though containing the chief cities, is but half the small country which only in the few years of the French King Louis Buonaparte's reign was ever officially styled "Kingdom of Holland." Wilhelmina, whose eighteenth birthday was on Wednesday, and who next week ascends the modest throne of that constitutional realm, with ceremonials and festivities at the Hague and at Amsterdam, which will furnish more scenes for our Illustrations, is the only living representative of the House of Nassau legally capable of inheriting this sovereignty, that devolved upon her at the death of her father, King William III. Her descent is from that branch of the family which held the hereditary Stadtholdership of Friesland, apart from the Stadtholdership of the other United Provinces, during the seventeenth and part of the eighteenth century; so that neither William I., Prince of Orange, the illustrious patriot and statesman who led the Dutch nation in its struggle for political and religious liberty, nor William III. who became King of England can strictly be reckoned her direct ancestors. It was his brother, Count John of Nassau, who



THE NEW CHURCH, WHERE THE CEREMONY WILL TAKE PLACE.

was progenitor of the present reigning family. Our own Queen Victoria, indeed, is the direct descendant of "William the Silent," through one of his daughters who married the Elector Palatine Frederick IV., and whose son, Frederick V., espousing the English Princess Elizabeth, daughter of King James I., became father of the Electress Sophia of Hanover. It is believed, however, that this extremely remote degree of kinship is likely to have not so strong an effect in binding their Majesties together by a cordial friendship as the kindly consideration which the elder Queen must feel for one so youthful, so frank and amiable in disposition, called to wear a crown at the same age that Victoria had at her own coronation sixty years ago.

The people of Amsterdam have presented to Queen Wilhelmina a magnificent gold State coach to be used at the coming ceremony. The carriage was designed and made by Messrs. Spyker, of Amsterdam. It is to be drawn by eight horses, and is ornamented in the Dutch Renaissance style. The four statues on the top represent Agriculture, Commerce, Industry, and Navigation, emblematically supporting the crown. In the frieze are typified Religion, Military and Judicial Power, Science and Labour.



"THE QUEEN FOR A GUILDER": SELLING PORTRAIT BUSTS OF THE QUEEN IN THE KALVERSTRAAT, AMSTERDAM.

PERSONAL.

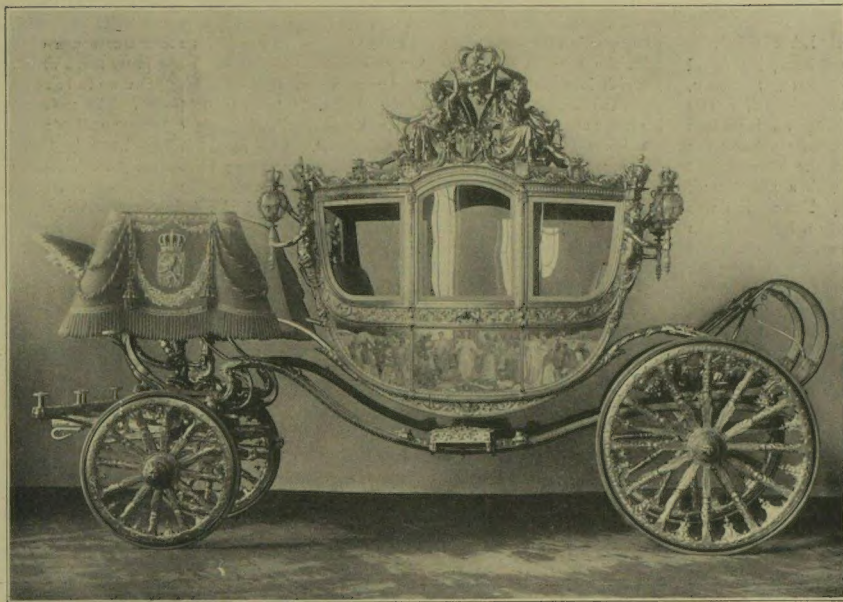
The Lord Chief Justice of England, who is a judge of horses and a lover of games, but not a particularly keen sportsman, as that word is commonly understood at this season, has spent the first part of the Long Vacation abroad. Most of what remains of it he will spend at Tadworth Court, where Lady Russell of Killowen has been residing since the holidays began. The Lord Chief Justice is about to abandon Harley Street, after a residence there of half a lifetime, and to settle in a town house in Cromwell Road. The famous street will long remain the headquarters of medicine; but its legal glories must wane somewhat now that Mr. Gully has gone and Lord Russell of Killowen is going—though Sir Francis Jeune, a host in himself, still remains.

The Duchess of Sutherland has been spending the last two or three weeks in a tour of inspection and of encouragement on behalf of the Highland Industries. Everybody has been pleased to see the Duchess, and the Duchess has been pleased with nearly all that she saw. She is now giving herself a holiday, after a season which involved a great deal of arduous work as well as arduous pleasure. Her personal service as a benefactor of women engaged in deadly or injurious traffics and manufactures makes great claims on her time; nor is she going to let the matter drop until she has exhausted a number of expedients—some of them perhaps of a rather startling kind—for arousing public attention and effecting a reform. The good Lord Shaftesbury once drove through the streets of a northern city taking with him some of the victims of child-labour before the passing of the Factory Acts; and it is not impossible that the Duchess of Sutherland may some day arouse London by driving about with her some of the maimed and paralysed women who work in the potteries of Staffordshire, in the looking-glass manufactories, and elsewhere, and who literally have to observe the deadly paradox of killing themselves to keep themselves.

The hope expressed in our issue of last week that Mr. Arthur Pease, M.P., who had for a considerable time hovered between life and death, might after all be spared to further usefulness, was not destined to be fulfilled. On Saturday night, Aug. 27, Mr. Pease died at Callington, Cornwall. He was the fourth son of Mr. Joseph Pease, who represented South Durham in the Liberal interest from 1832 to 1841. Mr. Arthur Pease was born at Darlington in 1837, and educated at Grove House, a Quaker School at Tottenham. He was a director of "Pease and Partners," Robert Stephenson and Co., and of other commercial concerns. He was Mayor of Darlington in 1873 and member for Whitby in 1880, holding the seat until 1885, when he was defeated. In 1895 he was elected for Darlington. At the great secession Mr. Pease threw in his lot with the Liberal Unionists. A man of deeply religious feeling, Mr. Pease was a recorded minister of the Society of Friends. He was, however, wonderfully free from sectarianism, and not only attended the churches of other Nonconformist bodies, but at Marske often read the lessons in the parish church. He was connected with the management of the Darlington Training College, an unsectarian institution; and everything that could further the welfare of his native town had his hearty support and interest.

Count Tolstoi has a son who is also a bit of a critic. He does not share his illustrious father's rather pessimistic views of marriage, and he does not desire that the race shall die out. To the "Kreutzer Sonata," therefore, the son has provided a sequel in "The Prelude of Chopin," a book which advocates early and universal marriage. The father is not likely to be convinced. Indeed, the likelihood is that the book may prove a new human document in the hands of Tolstoi the elder to use against marriage of even men of genius and the promulgation of their line.

"Bradshaw" is "Bradshaw," especially at this travelling time of year; and there is no adequate substitute for him. But Bradshaw, it seems, was once Kay—Mr. Robert Diggles Kay—who at any rate edited, and perhaps planned, the railway "guide." Other editors, no doubt, have made successes which never bore their names, just as the Houses of Parliament, attributed to Barry the master, were really designed by Pugin the pupil. The young architect slyly worked his own initials into the design in proof thereof; but the back of Bradshaw's "Guide" has no hall-mark



STATE CARRIAGE PRESENTED BY THE PEOPLE OF AMSTERDAM TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN WILHELMINA.

By Permission of the Designers and Builders, Messrs. H. J. and J. Spyker, Amsterdam.

of Kay. He is not forgotten, however, and this week, perhaps the most appropriate of the year, some stained-glass windows have been put up in his memory in a Wesleyan Chapel in Southport.

By the death at Edinburgh last week of Sheriff Comrie Thomson, Scotland loses one of her most popular and most able lawyers. Although his name was prominently brought before the general public only in connection with the defence of Monson in the Ardnamont case, Mr. Comrie Thomson had been well known in the North ever since his admission to the Bar in 1861. He was then only twenty-two, and he was appointed Sheriff-Substitute at Aberdeen before he was twenty-seven. He remained for seventeen years in the Granite City, where his fine handsome figure was seen not only on the Bench, but at many a public gathering. To enable him to resume his practice at the Bar Mr. Comrie Thomson in 1883 accepted the Sheriff-Principalship of Ayr, and at the time of his death he was Sheriff of Forfarshire, having succeeded Mr. Traynor on the latter's elevation to the Bench. The deceased Sheriff was probably unique in coming back to the Bar after so many years' absence, and taking the very high place which he immediately attained among the leading pleaders of the day. He was quite unrivalled in dealing with witnesses, and there were very few cases that he did not win. In politics Mr. Comrie Thomson was a Liberal, and a committee of Liberal members of the Bar chose him as their representative to attend the funeral of Mr. Gladstone.

Colonel Sir Casimir Stanislaus Gzowski, Staff Officer of the Engineer Force in Canada, died at Toronto, on Aug. 24, at the age of eighty-five. Sir Casimir Gzowski was descended from an ancient Polish family, and was born at St. Petersburg. His father, Stanislaus, Count Gzowski, was an officer of the Imperial Guard of Russia. He was educated at the Military College at Kremenetz as an engineer, and was commissioned in the Russian army. He first went to Canada in 1841, and for six years was employed by the Public Works



THE LATE SIR CASIMIR GZOWSKI.

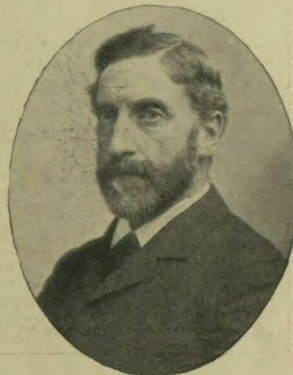
Department. He was instrumental in organising the Dominion Rifle Association and in bringing the first Canadian team to compete at the Wimbledon Rifle Meeting. He was appointed Hon. A.D.C. to the Queen in 1879, and was created K.C.M.G. in 1890.

The famous Muckross estate of the Herberts, near Killarney, has been sold for £160,000. The purchasers are the Standard Insurance Company and also Mr. S. M. Hussey, who has long acted as agent to the Herberts as well as to the Earl of Kenmare.

There are some names which the Court Master of Ceremonies finds it a little difficult to pronounce, and which the Court Newsman finds it a little puzzling to spell. In fact, it is more than suspected that distinguished foreign visitors have at times to be questioned as to the pronunciation and spelling both—a request not, perhaps, so soothing to their vanity as it is convenient to the English listener or reader. Saturday's was not an extreme case, but on that day her Majesty gave audience to the Sawbwa of Hsipaw. There was possibly a certain indistinctness of utterance when the name was announced by the footmen to the gentlemen-in-waiting, but the names of his son and daughter who accompanied him were almost more English than the English—Saw O and Saw Yon. The Sawbwa's own name is the Hon. Kun Saing, and he comes from the Shan States of Theebaw.

The International Congress of Zoology, held at Cambridge, with Sir John Lubbock for President, closed on Saturday. Its members were received in London on that day by the Council of the Zoological Society at Regent's Park Gardens, and by a meeting at the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. Cambridge University degrees have been conferred upon eminent foreign Professors—French, German, Dutch, and Italian. Interesting reports and essays were presented for discussion. Professor Haeckel lectured on the "Descent of Man." On Monday they visited Mr. Walter Rothschild's natural history museum at Tring.

By a terrible accident, which occurred on Saturday, Aug. 27, on the Dents de Veisivi, Dr. John Hopkinson, a noted London engineer, lost his life. With him perished his son and two daughters. Dr. Hopkinson was staying at the Hôtel Colomb, in Arolla, Valais, with his wife and family. On Saturday forenoon he and his two daughters, Alice, aged nineteen, and Lena, aged eighteen, and his son John, aged twenty-three, started to ascend the Dents de Veisivi. As the Doctor was an experienced mountaineer, no guide was taken. In the evening an ugly rumour was spread that all had not gone well with the party, and a search being organised, the bodies of all four, still roped together, were found at the foot of a precipice.



THE LATE DR. HOPKINSON.

Dr. John Hopkinson, who was born in 1849, was educated at Owens College, Manchester, and in 1870 took his degree of Doctor of Science at London University. In 1871 he was Senior Wrangler and First Smith's prizeman at Cambridge. Turning his attention to electricity, he practised as an electrical engineer, and soon rose to eminence in his profession. Among his works is the tramway scheme for Leeds and other northern towns. He was a recognised authority on dynamo machinery, and for many years acted as consulting engineer to the Birmingham Corporation. For his researches in the field of dynamo machinery he received the Royal Society's medal. He was a member of the Physical Society, a member of the Council of the British Association, a manager of the Royal Institution, and the author of numerous technical and scientific works. Dr. Hopkinson married Miss Evelyn Oldenbourg, daughter of the late Mr. Gustavus Oldenbourg, of Leeds. There were five children of the marriage, two of whom survive. In private life Dr. Hopkinson was greatly esteemed for his genial manners. By his death science suffers an irreparable loss, for his inventive talents were of the highest order, and gave brilliant promise for the future. It seems incredible that a veteran Alpine climber like Dr. Hopkinson should have dared to make the ascent without guides, especially as the party contained three young people whose experience of mountaineering could not have been great. The slip of one novice, as in the great Matterhorn disaster, often means the destruction of the whole party, and one man cannot support three. Only the other day, it will be remembered, an Austrian professor lost his life through attempting an Alpine peak along with a brother who was a complete novice.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S LANDING.

After a month's repose on board the *Osborne*, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales landed on Saturday, Aug. 27, at Mount Edgecumbe Park, where for two hours he enjoyed carriage exercise. By an ingenious arrangement, the Prince was brought ashore without the least discomfort. A horse-boat from the Government Dockyard was fitted up at one end with a platform of planks, on which a carriage was run. The vehicle was thus as nearly as possible brought up to a level with the gangway of the royal yacht. The conveyance chosen was a light wagonette. The contrivance was tried first by Sir Francis Laking, who made an experimental trip to shore, and found that the Prince could not possibly be shaken. At half-past three o'clock his Royal Highness himself went ashore. The Prince looked in the best of health, and smoked a cigar. He was accompanied by his private physicians and a nurse. His chair was placed on board, the carriage securely lashed. On reaching the shore the Prince was received by Lady Ernestine Edgecumbe and Admiral Sir Reginald Macdonald. The Earl of Mount Edgecumbe, who had gone on board the yacht, returned with his Royal Highness. The wagonette was run ashore, and horses

siege-guns and howitzers for the bombardment of the walls. One of the gun-boats has been unluckily sunk by an accident in the river. On the night of Aug. 29, while the army was in camp at Wad-el-Obeid, the first brush occurred with the Dervish outposts. A storm was raging, and a Dervish horseman took advantage of the tempest to ride up to the British outposts. Shouting "Allah!" he hurled his spear over the heads of our pickets, and then wheeling his horse about, galloped away uninjured. The same evening a despatch was brought in from Major Stuart-Wortley, commanding the Friendlies on the right bank of the Nile, to the effect that he had just engaged the Dervishes. He reported the capture of five prisoners and a boat laden with grain. Major Stuart-Wortley is pushing on past Omdurman, in order to cut off the Dervish retreat when the great fight occurs. On Aug. 30, a reconnaissance was made by the Egyptian cavalry and the Camel Corps. A new camping ground was found, to which the whole army moved on the following day. No signs of the enemy were discovered, nor did the gun-boat *Melik*, which went ten miles up the river, find any trace of the Khalifa's forces. Refugees, principally women, continue to come in. Hospitals and dépôts have been established on various islands along the route. This precaution saves the Sirdar the necessity of leaving a strong chain of communicating

against an imaginary enemy. The general idea of the operations was that the advanced troops of an invading army were supposed to have reached Ringwood, fifteen miles due south of Salisbury. The special idea was that two army corps were preparing to march upon Salisbury. These were to be opposed by every means in the defenders' power. The northern commander accordingly occupied a position on the south bank of the Ebbles, extending from Great Yews to Cherbury Ring. The second and third Infantry Divisions, being encamped on Homington Down, were comparatively near the position, but the Corps Artillery, which is quartered at Winterbourne Ford, had a good eight miles' march. All the marches were admirably timed and executed. The troops were under arms from seven a.m. till four p.m., and displayed excellent spirit. On the same day the main body of the Southern Army, under Generals Gosset and Thynne, changed its quarters, marching from Trigon Heath to their new camp on Luton Down. The march was for fully thirteen miles across country, and was made in good time. The next day the remaining division, under Sir William Butler, followed the Cavalry Brigade, coming up at the same time. By this movement the two armies were brought practically face to face, and the Duke of Connaught's position was rendered somewhat critical, owing to the heavy mass of 25,000 troops assembled on



A NOVEL WAY OF TRAVELLING: THE PRINCE OF WALES'S LANDING FROM THE "OSBORNE" AT MOUNT EDGECUMBE PARK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 27.

were put to it. The Prince drove up to the house and then spent two hours driving about the grounds. The weather was all that could have been desired. Shortly before seven the party returned to the *Osborne*.

THE SOUDAN ADVANCE.

The combined Egyptian and British military forces commanded by General Sir Herbert Kitchener on the Nile, forming a completely equipped army of 25,000 troops, supported by gun-boats on the river, now high in flood, have come within sight of Omdurman, the enemy's fortified capital just below Khartoum. A decisive battle may have been fought this week, or a bombardment of the Khalifa's stronghold, from its western side and from the river, may have commenced. On Monday the whole army encamped at Um Teref, thirty miles north of Omdurman, on the left bank of the Nile. The British troops in this expedition, under General Gatacre, are the Cameron and Seaforth Highlanders, the Lincolnshire and Warwickshire Regiments, the Grenadier Guards, Northumberland Fusiliers, 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, and 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers, forming two Brigades, commanded respectively by General Wanchope and General the Hon. N. G. Lyttelton. The Khedive's troops, commanded by Major-General Hunter, are brigaded under Colonel H. A. Macdonald, Colonel J. G. Maxwell, Colonel D. F. Lewis, and Colonel Collinson. There are also the 21st Lancers, ten squadrons of Egyptian cavalry, an Egyptian camel corps, and three or four batteries of Royal Artillery and Horse Artillery, with two powerful

posts on the line of his advance. The position, briefly put, is now as follows: Within two or three marches of Omdurman the Sirdar has concentrated a strong and capable force. He is on the same bank of the river as his point of attack, and a slight deviation to the west in his further advance will enable him to avoid the khor in front of Omdurman, and to reach the rising ground to the north-west of the city, which he will hold with his artillery. On the river he has nine gun-boats and four steamers, which will co-operate with the land forces when the time for action comes.

While the marching of the troops has been performed with admirable precision, the flotilla has been somewhat impeded by the strong current of the Nile at this season, and it has required great efforts to bring up the stores in a multitude of native barges. These obstacles now seem to have been well overcome, and a speedy victory is anticipated.

THE MILITARY MANOEUVRES.

Last week we described the camping arrangements of the force now assembled in the proclaimed area around Salisbury Plain for the great manoeuvres. Until Sept. 1, when war was formally declared, the opposing forces—designated the Northern and Southern Armies, and commanded respectively by the Duke of Connaught and Sir Redvers Buller—were engaged in exercises calculated to fit them for the heavier duties of mimic war. On Aug. 29 the Northern Army had its first taste of work in earnest, all the troops encamped near Salisbury being exercised

his right. This disposition gave Sir Redvers Buller an obvious advantage for Thursday's battle. On Aug. 31, the last day of "peace," Sir Redvers Buller held a great field-day, in the arrangement of which he was left an entirely free hand. The Commander-in-Chief was present as an onlooker. On Thursday, Sept. 1, "war" began, the public being warned off the area of operations. This will disappoint many, as the manoeuvres have drawn great crowds to the neighbourhood. Accommodation is scarce and correspondingly dear.

THE EAST-END WATER FAMINE.

Considerable distress still prevails in the densely populated districts of the East-End owing to the inadequate supply of water. The rain which fell on the early days of the week did some good in flushing the drains, but the actual supply of water is not visibly increased. Poplar, Hackney, Whitechapel, and Forest Gate are still in a sad plight, and local medical men begin to look aghast at the prospect if the East London Waterworks Company does not bestir itself to relieve the distress. Instead of this, further curtailment is threatened: The prospect is certainly none of the brightest, for the reservoirs are very low. At the same time, scarce as the supply is, it must be admitted that it is not economised as it ought to be. When our Artist visited the East-End he saw the carts on their rounds delivering the daily supply. He also saw examples of lavish outlay such as he has pictured in our Illustrations. All along the line, it would seem, "someone has blundered."

"BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS": THE CZAR'S MANIFESTO.

*Till the war-drum throb'd no longer, and the battle flags were fur'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.*

Rarely has the modern world been thrilled as it was on Monday morning, when the Manifesto on Disarmament promulgated (through Count Muravieff) by the Czar of All the Russias, and handed to all the foreign representatives at his Court on the previous Wednesday, was published in every morning paper. The document is wholly remarkable: it is supremely significant of the civilisation that we one day dream of and the next day doubt; and it places Nicholas II. in the very front rank of living statesmen. The Czar is not a dreamer; he is no philosophic recluse. On the contrary, he is the head and the father of a vast empire, with teeming millions, and of illimitable resources. Till now he has been a monarch only in point of heredity. At one bound he has placed himself ahead of all his governing contemporaries; he has ranged himself beneath the banner of the oldest, the most difficult crusade—that which preaches Peace; and the world, which is groaning under an insatiable militarism, pauses for the moment to listen to his voice.

The gospel he preaches is novel, not in point of subject, but by reason of its present source. He proposes that the Powers represented at his mighty Court shall meet in conference and discuss the disarmament of Christendom. The civilised nations, he says,

have, during the last twenty years, prayed for "pacification." It is not a vague, unpractical idea. On the contrary, it is dictated by the most mundane motives—

The financial charges following an upward march strike at the public prosperity at its very source. The intellectual and physical strength of the nations, labour and capital, are for the most part diverted from their natural application and unproductively consumed. Hundreds of millions are devoted to acquiring terrible engines of destruction, which, though to-day regarded as the last word of science, are destined to-morrow to lose all value in consequence of some fresh discovery in the same field. National culture, economic progress, and the production of wealth are either paralysed or checked in their development.

It will be argued against his Imperial Majesty that this crushing armament is really dictated by the desire for peace. He anticipates the objection—

In proportion as the armaments of each

Power increase, so do they less and less fulfil the object which the Governments have set before themselves. The economic crisis due in great part to the system of armaments *à outrance* and the continual danger which lies in this massing of war-material are transforming the armed peace of our days into a crushing burden, which the peoples have more and more difficulty in bearing. It appears evident, then, that if this state of things were prolonged it would inevitably lead to the very cataclysm which it is desired to avert, and the horrors of which make every thinking being shudder in advance.

To put an end to these incessant armaments, and to seek the means of warding off the calamities which are threatening the whole world—such is the supreme duty which is to-day imposed on all States. Filled with this idea, his Majesty has been pleased to order me to propose to all the Governments whose representatives are accredited to the Imperial Court the meeting of a Conference, which would have to occupy itself with this grave problem. This Conference would be, by the help of God, a happy presage for the Century which is about to open. It would converge in one powerful focus the efforts of all the States which are sincerely seeking to make the great conception of Universal Peace triumph over the elements of trouble and discord. It would at the same time cement their agreement by a corporate consecration of the principles of equity and right, on which rest the security of States and the welfare of peoples.

And how does the world stand to-day in relation to this great Christian ideal of the Czar's? America, having beaten its Discoverer, stands panting with the splendour of victory. England is marching into the distant desert to strike a blow at one of the last sources of barbarism within her pale; while at home we are playing at war on Salisbury Plain. Everywhere there is unrest—the marching and massing of troops, the perfection of new instruments of destruction, the growth of navies, and the increase of standing armies. Everybody seems willing to wound, but yet hesitates to strike the first blow, which may plunge many more than the original combatants into a struggle that would affect the whole world in a way that a war in former times could not possibly have done. That is the gaunt shadow that Nicholas II. sees.

The dramatic effect of the Manifesto is startling. Exit (on July 30) the old Man of Blood and Iron at the age of eighty-three. Enter, at the age of thirty (twenty-four days later), this young Man of Peace. Was ever such antagonism of ideals—Bismarck, barbaric to the last; Nicholas, the disciple of our great Peacemaker?

We in Britain must thrill to the new doctrine and the young disciple, for he has come under the same influence as we—the superlative spell of the greatest of women: wherein he again gives the lie to Bismarckism.

The Czar is not only the son of our future Queen's sister; he is the husband of our present Queen's granddaughter. His mother, daughter of the King of Denmark and sister of the Princess of Wales, is a good woman whose life has been crowded with sorrow. His wife, the daughter of the beloved Princess Alice of Hesse and the granddaughter of our Queen, has the best instincts of Victoria Regina strong within her. Over and above this it must be remembered that his father possessed the temperament of peace. Thus one is not surprised that Nicholas II. hates militarism to the point that he "cannot bear to go about with a military escort," that his ambition is "to shine in history as Nicholas the Educator."

But this inspiring ideal of the Czar's is not a feminine fad: it is full of sound practical common-sense. Russia, having now found her way to the sea on every side of her tractless empire, has need of the rest that is necessary for the development of her resources. She wishes to become a great commercial power. That is the lowest estimate at which you can place his programme; that is the cynic's point of view; yet that alone ensures the intense sincerity of the Czar of All the Russias. A thousand and one objections rise to the mind as one thinks of the Emperor's epoch-making ideal; but who shall deny that he has dreamed a great dream, if nothing more; that he has co-ordinated the hopes of philosophers of every age and tongue; that he has marked himself out in the eyes of every man as a ruler fitted for the modern world? For the first time in his career Nicholas II. has spoken; and his first word will be treasured, for, despite the querulous questionings of his contemporaries, it is well at this stage to believe that Nicholas II. has set his heart on the highest hope: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God!"



THE CZAR.



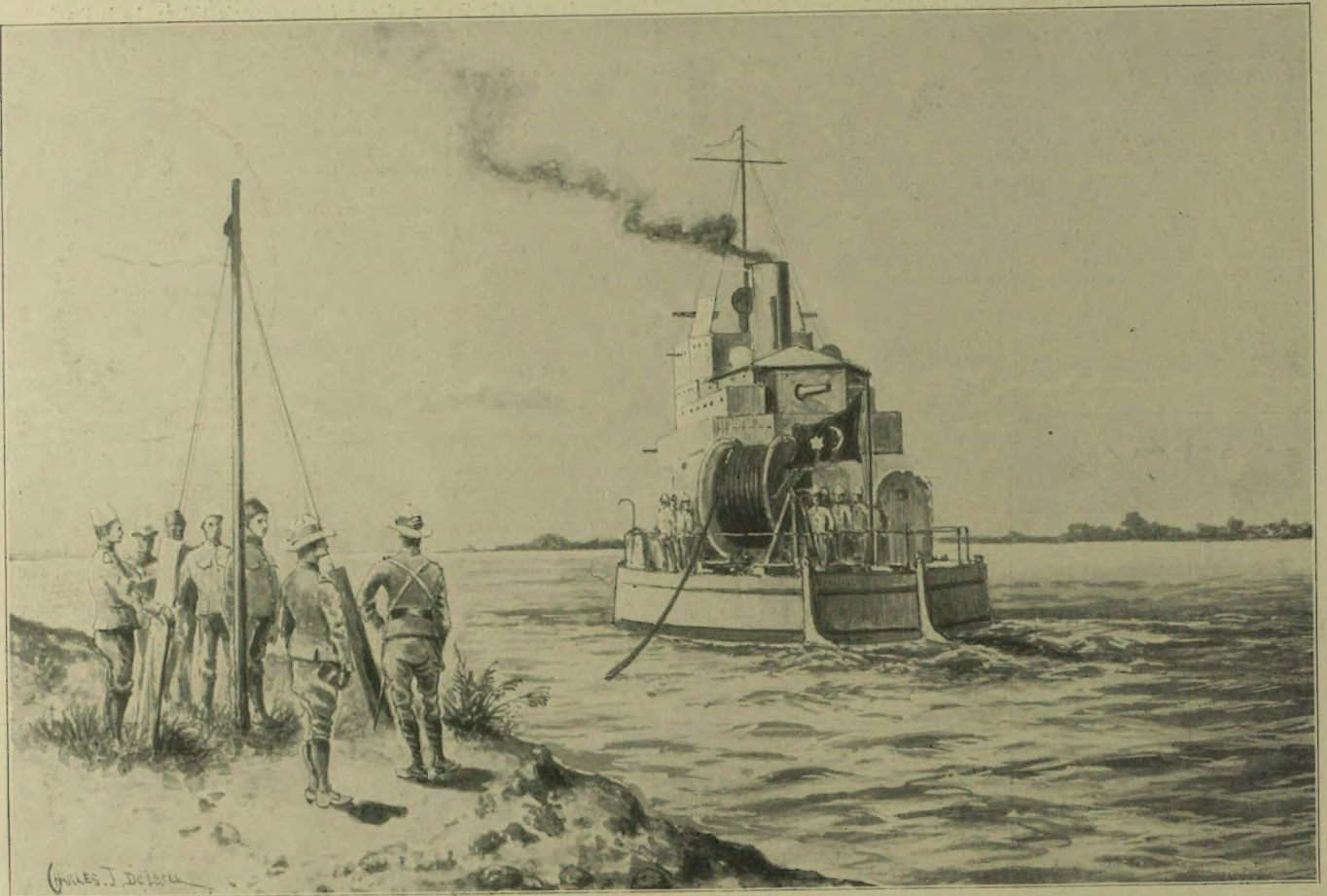
THE CZARINA OF RUSSIA,
GRANDDAUGHTER OF QUEEN VICTORIA.



THE MOTHER OF THE CZAR AND HER SISTER, THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

THE SOUDAN ADVANCE.

From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. F. Villiers.

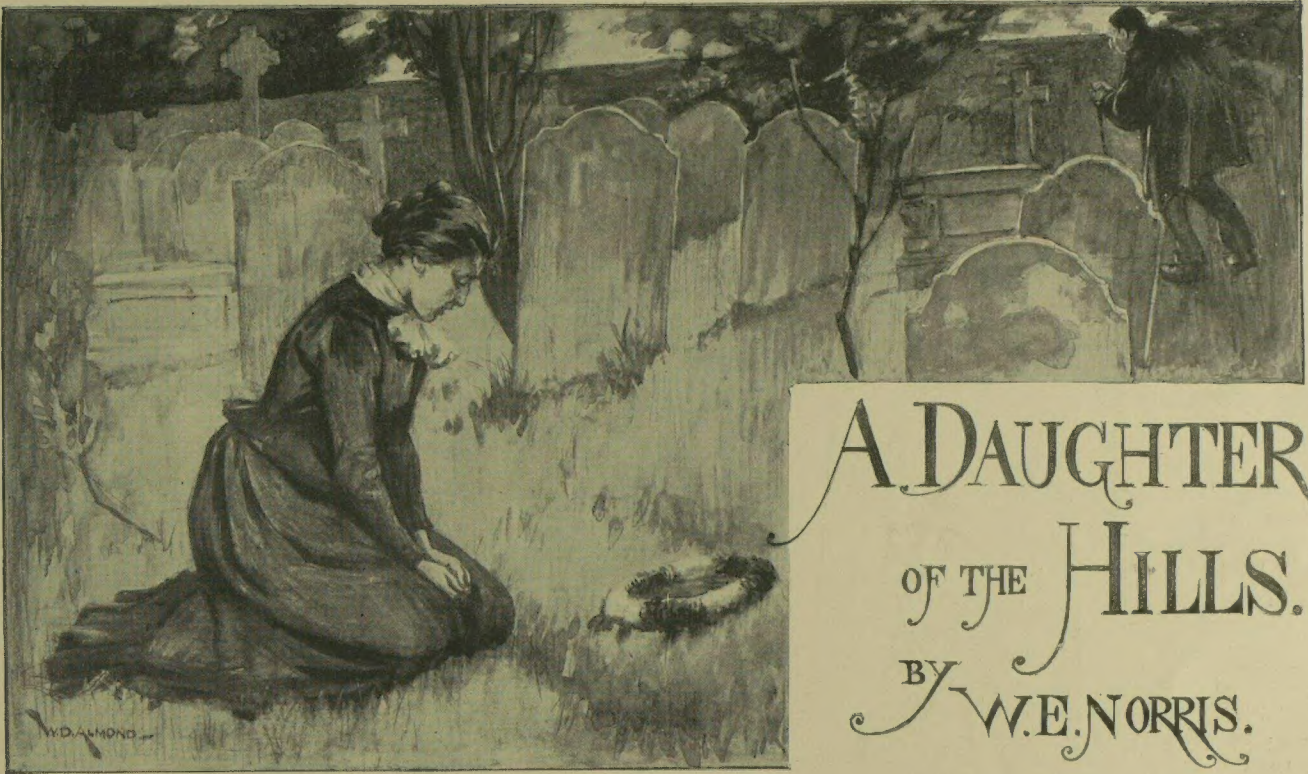


LAYING THE CABLE BETWEEN FORT ATBARA AND THE WEST BANK OF THE NILE.



REMOVING THE SICK FROM FORT ATBARA.

A native headdress, or angareel, is turned upside down, the patient being placed between the legs, over which is spread his blanket, to protect him from the sun while he is being carried from the hospital to the train.



A DAUGHTER OF THE HILLS. BY W.E. NORRIS.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. D. ALMOND.

THE weather had been sultry and oppressive, even at a height of two thousand feet above the sea-level, throughout that long day of early summer; but now that the thunder-clouds had broken and had rolled away southwards over Spain, gusts of cool wind were sweeping down from the mountains into the narrow valley where Bagnères de Luchon stands; and the visitors to that bright little watering-place, harbingers of the opening season, who had already established themselves there, were stepping forth to breathe the fresh air and listen to the band. Françoise Peyrafitte, released at the hour of sunset from her mother's tiny shop, which did a very modest business by the sale of woollen shawls, mufflers, stockings and other achievements of indefatigable knitting-pins, tripped past these strangers, many of whom turned their heads to take a second look at her; for she was really a very pretty and attractive little figure, with her clear brown complexion, her large dark eyes and her black hair, which was partially concealed, after the Pyrenean fashion, by a particoloured handkerchief.

Françoise did not return the compliment. She had no desire to gaze at these newly arrived tourists, who represented for her the close of the quiet, peaceful winter-time and the renewal of her labours as one of the chambermaids at the Hôtel des Bains, whither she was to repair once more on the morrow. Such labours, with all that they implied and entailed, were little to her taste; but when one has a widowed mother and a swarm of small brothers and sisters, one must accept with resignation, if not with thankfulness, any means of earning bread that may be obtainable.

"*Levavi oculos ad montes*," she murmured under her breath as she hastened along the high-road, at the end of which, far away, towered the Port de Vénasque, a cleft in the purple frontier range—"I will lift up my eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

She did not know in the least what signification the Hebrew psalmist had attached to words which had floated down through the centuries to find an echo in the heart of a devout little Béarnaise maiden; but they had always had a pleasant, comforting sound to her. She had always regarded the beloved mountains as a shelter and defence, vaguely realising that beyond them lay a busy, wicked, relentless world, from whose beckoning signals she shrank back affrighted. Sooner or later she would, perhaps, have to arise and obey that imperative call (for old Madame Peyrafitte had already begun to point out that four months of wages against eight of hibernation would scarcely do as a permanent arrangement); but for the moment she was thinking less of herself than of somebody else, whom the outer world, it seemed, could no longer spare.

Presently, with a loud clatter of hoofs, he came in sight, cantering at the head of his awkward squad of mounted pleasure-seekers, male and female—as handsome a young specimen of his class as could have been found between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean shores—bright-eyed, hook-nosed, sitting gracefully upon his

spirited little horse and an agreeable object to the artistic eye in his short velvet jacket, his broad scarlet sash and his becoming *béret* of the same vivid hue. Among the numerous equestrian guides of Luchon, Dominique Barraute stood upon a high pinnacle of favour, by reason of his good looks and his engaging manners. He was doing very well indeed for so young a man, and might, but for the tax which France levies in these days upon all her sons, have looked forward shortly to setting up a stable of his own, instead of hiring himself out to Esterrade, the local *maquignon*. But service of at least a year with the colours has become an inexorable necessity, and Dominique, with many another lad who would perhaps never return, was to leave the very next day.

He rose in his stirrups, cracking his whip above his head, as Françoise stepped aside to let the noisy cavalcade pass; over his shoulder he threw a backward glance, showing his white teeth. He had seen her; he had understood; and she knew that she would not have to wait for him very long.

In less than a quarter of an hour, indeed, he had joined her on the thickly wooded hillside behind the Etablissement Thermal, where they were wont to meet at the close of day. For months past they had been in the habit of keeping these tacit, innocent assignations; yet they were not formally betrothed, nor had they ever conversed save upon the most commonplace topics—the weather, the prospect of a lucrative season, the ailments of the Peyrafitte children, and so forth. With the strange, half-savage shyness and reticence of peasants, they had been content to halt there, each secretly assured of the other's love, but drawing back from the plunge of an open declaration, which, in truth, there was not money enough on either side to justify.

On this occasion, however—which differed so sadly, by its final character, from all preceding ones—such an attitude could hardly be maintained. They began, to be sure, in their customary detached style. "So, then, you take the train to-morrow morning, Dominique?" "Eh! what would you have? Since one has no choice! And you begin again at the Hôtel des Bains?" "Yes; the time has come." But after this there was a short pause, which was concluded in a manner to render verbal eloquence superfluous.

"You know," sighed Françoise, lifting her head at length from her lover's black velvet shoulder and looking up into his bronzed healthy face, "that my mother will never give her consent!"

"We will make so free as to do without it," returned Dominique, laughing triumphantly. "Are we asking her to support us, then—your mother?"

There certainly would not have been very much use in asking Madame Peyrafitte to do that; but her view happened to be that her children were bound to contribute to her support, and if the eldest of them was to espouse the son of a tipsy old loafer who had saved nothing at all, what

likelihood was there of filial obligations being discharged? That she would oppose so rash a betrothal was certain, and Françoise was but partially reassured by the young fellow's confident predictions. According to him, there was nothing to fear, except unavoidable delay. When once he had served his time—an affair of two years, perhaps, "but we are both young, *allez!*"—he would return to the mountains, never to quit their friendly shadow again; and as for making money, that was as simple a matter as flattering these Parisian ladies and gentlemen, who threw away their *louis* like *sans*. He displayed a couple of gold pieces in the palm of his hand, smiling retrospectively at the facility with which they had been acquired.

"One has but to look at them—at the ladies especially—in a certain way and to pay them—*Dieu me pardonne!*—a few compliments which they do not merit upon their riding, and the trick is done. Oh, we shall not want for bread, you and I, Françoise; you may take my word for that!"

Françoise was not sure that she quite liked her Dominique to look at ladies in the manner alluded to; but as, after all, his heart belonged to her alone, why should she care? Soon she resolutely banished the doubts and misgivings of which she had mentioned only one. Why meet trouble half way and spoil a flying hour of happiness which could not possibly repeat itself for many a long day to come? At the bottom of her heart she was conscious of a determination at least equal to her mother's, and Dominique swore—without even waiting to be asked—that he would remain faithful to her through all the as yet unknown temptations of military life.

His arm still encircled her waist when they slowly quitted the woods in the twilight, and in this compromising posture they were caught by a stout, elderly, red-faced man, who lurched out on a sudden from behind the Etablissement as they approached that building. He greeted them with a loud peal of laughter, followed by jocularities which, though good-humoured enough, were not of the most refined description.

"Pay no attention to him," said Dominique, a little disconcerted; "he would not wish to offend you if he knew what he was about. But you understand—my last day at home, and the friends who have looked in to drink a glass and wish me good speed—it is not surprising that he should have opened a bottle too many."

Under no circumstances could it be accounted surprising that old Barraute, the most notorious drunkard in Luchon, should have erred after the fashion alluded to, nor was Françoise offended. She was, however, somewhat put out of countenance and apprehensive. One never knows of what indiscretions a man in that condition may not be capable!

Half an hour later (for Dominique and Françoise, like Romeo and Juliet, took a long time to bid one another good-night) she learned, to her horror, that the indiscretion of old Barraute had been carried to quite unexpected

lengths. Madame Peyrafitte, her strongly marked features distorted by wrath and her black eyes blazing beneath her dishevelled iron-grey hair, was standing upon the threshold of the little shop to give the truant a fitting reception.

"Eh, bien, c'est du propre!" she cried. "That set of a Barraute who reels in here to boast of having seen his good-for-nothing son embrace my daughter! Have you no shame, then?"

"There is no need for shame," answered Françoise meekly; "we are affianced, Dominique and I."

But this explanation only added fuel to the flames of Madame Peyrafitte's ire. "Affianced!—you have the face to call yourself affianced, without my permission, to a young coxcomb who has not economised a franc, and who is leaving the place to-morrow morning into the bargain! *Quelle jolie plaisanterie!* Fortunately, we are about to be delivered from him; otherwise I would take care that you should never have permission to stir out of the *Hôtel des Bains* after working hours."

Françoise had little to say in deprecation of a scolding which was prolonged until bedtime. She had been prepared to be scolded, and experience had taught her that silent persistence is the best reply to violent words. She did not mean to give up Dominique; nor, if the worst came to the worst, could her mother compel her to do so. She was not even forbidden (though it is true that she did not ask leave) to hurry down to the railway-station in the early morning and see the last of her lover. Madame Peyrafitte's bark was ever worse than her bite.

The little platform, thronged with youths who had been reported fit for service, and whose relatives and friends were present in large numbers, afforded no possibility of privacy. Dominique, looking superbly handsome and far more composed than the majority of his comrades—some of whom affected a noisy hilarity, while others did not disguise their dejection—was fain to rest satisfied with squeezing his betrothed's small brown hand. A hasty exchange of whispers and promises to write, a scarlet *béret* waved from the window of a third-class carriage as the train began to move, and all was over.

Madame Peyrafitte, when her daughter returned, was no longer in a rage. She only said, "Listen, my child; what you think that you wish for cannot be. These Barrautes, believe me, are worth nothing. I remember the grandfather, who was stabbed to death in a tavern brawl. You can see for yourself what the father has become; and the son will follow—it is fatal! You would do better to throw yourself into the river than to marry a drunkard."

"Dominique does not drink," pleaded Françoise.

"Eh! not yet, perhaps, but he will. When I tell you that it is in the blood!"

Françoise pondered for a moment and then rejoined quietly: "I think I should marry him even if he did drink. What would you have, mother? I have given him my word, and I cannot forsake him unless he forsakes me."

Madame Peyrafitte broke out into a harsh laugh. "Let us hope, then, that he will forsake you. That would not astonish me, *ma foi!* By all accounts, he does not detest pretty faces, that fine young man of yours, and he will see plenty of them in his garrison. Let him amuse himself to his heart's content, provided that he does not come back here to be the ruin of us all!"

"He will come back, and we shall be married," said Françoise, not at all defiantly, but in the tone of one who states an incontrovertible fact.

It was on a cold December morning that Mr. Grantley,

who was spending a few days in Paris with his wife on their way to the Riviera, fairly lost his temper.

"Upon my word!" he exclaimed; "this is a little too bad, and I shall have to make a formal complaint about that confounded housemaid. Here's the sitting-room fire out again, and I couldn't get any water for my bath until I had rung three times. When the woman did condescend to come at last, she looked as sulky as a bear, and wouldn't even answer my humble remonstrances. Really, considering the price that one is charged for attendance—"

"Oh, don't get her into trouble, John," pleaded good-natured Mrs. Grantley; "I am sure she is ill, or unhappy, or something, poor creature! I saw her crying just now in the passage."

"I don't want to get anybody into trouble," Mr. Grantley declared; "all I do want is to be allowed decent facilities for washing, and to avoid, if possible, being

The faded, submissive little woman, who looked so much older than she really was, shook her head with a faint smile. "Madame is very good; but it would not be worth while. They could not spare me just now, when the house is so full, and I cannot afford to lose my place."

A little management induced her to relate her pathetic, commonplace story. Married at an early age to Dominique Barraute, whose affairs as a livery-stable keeper at Bagnères de Luchon had not prospered, she had found herself, almost immediately after the birth of her child, compelled to return to domestic service; and although she would have preferred to remain in her own province, the prospect of permanent employment held out by Paris had appealed to her too forcibly to be resisted. Her husband, too, had found a place as coachman to the colonel of his former regiment. For the moment he was out of work; but he meant, she believed, to seek a fresh situation. Thus

for a matter of seven years they had been living apart, while their boy had been left in charge of the old grandmother at Luchon. Oh, yes; they would perhaps come together again some day and have a home of their own once more; there were moments when one hoped and other moments when one despaired. "This world, *voyez-vous, Madame*, is a sad place, and one needs all the courage that one possesses to go on existing in it. And now, if I am to lose my little Dominique—!"

"Oh, but you are not going to lose him," the excellent Mrs. Grantley boldly affirmed; "you must not allow yourself to think of anything so dreadful as that. Now I will tell you what to do. You give up your situation here—I will arrange all that for you—you start immediately for Luchon, and as soon as your little boy is well enough to be left, you come to us at Cannes. I happen to be in want of a housemaid, and I can see that you will suit me perfectly. So dry your eyes and pack up your clothes, like a sensible woman!"

If Mrs. Grantley did not show herself to be a very sensible woman by thus engaging a servant for whose character she had not taken the trouble to ask, she was, at all events, a rich one, and amongst the many privileges of wealth must be reckoned that of occasionally doing foolish things with impunity. She had, as it chanced, been guilty of no folly in securing the services and the eternal gratitude of Françoise Barraute, who was as faithful as she was honest and hard-working, and who scarcely ceased to call down blessings from Heaven upon her benefactress throughout the long night journey to Toulouse. It was a long journey, and Mrs. Grantley, had she been forced to take it under similar conditions,

would have pronounced it an intolerably uncomfortable one into the bargain. But Françoise would not have exchanged the hard seat of her crowded third-class compartment for the most luxurious couch in the world. Adorable third-class compartment, which was conveying her as swiftly as it could towards her beloved mountains and her child! Notwithstanding the alarming reports which she had received from Madame Peyrafitte during the past week, she could not help feeling sanguine and exultant. Her luck hitherto had always been so bad; and now that it had turned in this extraordinary and utterly unforeseen manner, surely she might hope for the best. By "the best" she meant little Dominique's recovery from the chill which was said to have brought him to death's door. There were other things for which she had long ceased to hope—knowing at the bottom of her heart that they were unattainable. Yet, when the winter dawn broke, clear and mild, upon the southern landscape, it seemed to her that even these might—who could say?—be in store for her. One miracle



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(for she could call it nothing less) having already been worked on her behalf, why should not a second or a third follow?

But the line must be drawn somewhere, and to expect that miraculous intervention should hasten the movements of so deliberate a line as the Chemin de l'Ér du Midi would, no doubt, have been unreasonable. So François possessed her soul in patience while the slow train from Montréjeau puffed onwards and upwards, penetrating deeper and deeper into the heart of the eternal snow-capped hills. On reaching her destination about two o'clock in the afternoon, she confided her box to the care of a porter whom she did not know—for seven years of absence make strangers of us all in this world of unceasing decay and renovation—and trudged forth on foot towards the home of her childhood. The mountains, which decay so imperceptibly that their aspect remains the same from the first day to the last of an average mortal's brief pilgrimage, greeted her with a kindly, wintry smile, and seemed to bid her be of good courage. The mercies of God endure for ever, and surely a poor little woman who had always tried hard to do her duty to God and man would not be abandoned in this hour of extreme need!

"Comment!—c'est toi!" cried Madame Peyrafitte, grown very old, feeble, and white-headed. She stretched out her trembling, gnarled, hard-worked hands to her daughter. "Alas! my child, you come too late! We took him to the cemetery yesterday—our dear, brave little man, who had not the strength to get well, though the doctor said he was almost out of danger. You did not receive my telegram, then?"

Françoise shook her head. She sat down in the dim shop, folding her hands with a gesture of patient resignation which was habitual to her. Somewhere hard by her brothers and sisters were talking and laughing together, already oblivious of transient funereal gloom. She could hear their fresh young voices, which did not jar upon her. Life is like that, she thought; one must be gay and forget so long as it remains possible to be the one or do the other. Happy, perhaps, are those who die ere sin, sorrow and suffering have become more than vague words to them. All she said was, "I have never had any good fortune."

She explained briefly how—through what had appeared to be an exception to the rule—she had been released from Parisian servitude, and Madame Peyrafitte recounted at somewhat greater length the details of her grandson's sickness and death. The two women spoke quietly, calmly, in low tones, shedding a few tears, but uttering no complaint. What is the use of complaining when the worst that can happen has happened, and Heaven itself remains silent and powerless? Neither tears nor prayers avail to restore our dead to us.

"Your husband was at the funeral. I did not speak to him," Madame Peyrafitte said after a time.

She had not spoken to him for years, nursing a dull, implacable resentment against the man who had fulfilled

her prediction by following in his father's footsteps, and who, it was easy to foretell, would never earn more than was wanted for the gratification of his personal appetites. She grudged him the money which his wife saved out of her wages and transmitted to him every now and again; the sight of him—always out of place through his own fault, always prosperous in spite of that, and as handsome as ever—turned her blood to gall.

"He is in Luchon, then?" asked Françoise.

"Mon Dieu, yes! Did you not know? For several weeks past he has been with his old friend Esterrade, who pays him, one must suppose, though there cannot be much work for him to do during the winter. They tell me that

wreath of black and white beads upon it (for flowers were not to be had at that season) and remained a long time in an attitude of prayer on the damp, sodden ground, although she was not praying. The episodes of her uneventful, yet most pathetic, life presented themselves to her in slow review while she crouched motionless there, gazing at vacancy with heavy, unmoistened eyes—the few happy months which had followed her marriage; then the beginning of misfortunes which were to end in bankruptcy; then the break-up, her departure and Dominique's; his *fredaines*—which she would call by no harsher name her long exile, brightened only by hurried, fleeting glimpses of her little one, for whom she had been glad

to labour and toil in that distant, detested city, but who could scarcely be said to have known her. It was not of the longed-for future alone that she had been robbed, but of the past which might have been hers, and had been sacrificed to no purpose since it had led to this! She did not murmur; it had never been a part of her nature to do that; she merely recognised the fact that she had hitherto laboured in vain, and wondered, after a dull, vacant fashion, what was to become of her now. Her husband could have told her. It was her manifest duty and destiny to go on labouring, and to forward him periodical doles out of her economies.

However, he did not make that brutal announcement when she encountered him, on her homeward way, in the deserted Allée d'Etigny, and laid a timid hand upon his arm. On the contrary, he recognised her with a surprise in which some tenderness and emotion were perceptible.

"Tiens! c'est la mère! Ah! my poor old Françoise, what a misfortune! He was so pretty and he looked so solid—our little one! Well—there was no saving him, it seems."

"It was the will of God," said Françoise.

Dominique shrugged his shoulders and laughed. "An amiable sort of God, it must be confessed, to massacre children who have never offended Him! But, as you know, I have never believed very much in the existence of your God. It is not He, I suppose, who has paid your railway fare from Paris?"

"How do I know?" answered Françoise

simply. "God may have put it into the heart of a benevolent English lady, who knew no more about me than I told her, to send me home and take me into her service. If I arrive only to find my boy dead and buried, that is not her fault."

Dominique pointed out, in language somewhat too crude for reproduction, that the responsibility of having practised so ironical a deception must, by his wife's own showing, rest with Omniscience and Omnipotence. He was not quite sober; although he walked straight and talked distinctly. She perceived the danger of irritating him; yet—when would she find another opportunity so favourable for reminding him of bygone promises and endeavouring to save him from himself? There is a kind of eloquence which depends upon nothing so little as upon studied phrases or intentional effects, and Françoise



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he makes himself useful by breaking in young horses. He came to the cemetery with an air of being inconsolable. Bah! I would wager that he found means of consoling himself at the *cabaret* before night."

Françoise made no rejoinder. Her husband's confirmed intemperance could not be denied, nor was she ignorant of other grievances which might have been put forward on her behalf against him. But he had never ill-treated her in the sense commonly attached by peasants to that term, and—he was the father of her dead boy. If anything could have made her feel glad, it would probably have been the prospect of seeing him again.

She did not see him—how absurd of her to have fancied that there could be any chance of her doing so!—in the cemetery, whither she repaired towards evening, to kneel beside a freshly made grave. She laid an ugly little

employed it, not altogether without success. The bare facts which she enumerated spoke, indeed, for themselves, while her diffidently worded appeal might have found its way to a harder heart than her husband's. But really he could not, for a dozen reasons, make the reply which he was entreated to make.

"Listen, *ma mie*," he began, not unkindly, on the conclusion of a harangue which he had not interrupted; "you ask for the impossible. Where would you have me find the money to buy a house and settle down with you a second time at Luchon? And if that could be done, do you imagine that your life would be a happy one with me? I am what I am, and I am worth what I am worth—which is very little—but at least I am no hypocrite. Let us face the truth. We were young lovers once; now we are something quite different. A pity, if you like, but so it is. You would be contented to live upon a crust, whereas I must have a bottle of good wine to wash it down; you have faith, I have none; you would delight in denying yourself, while there are certain small pleasures for which your priests would be puzzled to offer me a substitute. Is it not evident that we should be like an ill-matched pair of mules, pulling right and left while the cart stuck in the

Madame Peyrafitte, on being briefly informed of her daughter's determination to leave at once for Cannes, did not protest. She said: "It is, after all, the best thing that you can do, since living in idleness is out of the question, and work is not to be had here. Some day, perhaps, when I am dead or crippled, you will come back and take my place. Meanwhile, you do well to place a good many leagues between you and that worthless spendthrift, Dominique Barraute, who has not the shadow of a claim upon your savings."

She went on to mention a trifling claim of her own—the cost of a six-foot concession of ground in the cemetery, and the undertaker's charges—which Françoise promised to defray. She was not more hard-hearted than another; but she was very poor, she could not afford to lose money, and to every other species of loss she was inured by long use and wont.

So, when the benevolent Mrs. Grantley's new housemaid quitted Luchon the next day, she had the poor comfort of knowing that her departure left no one inconsolable. Even the mountains, cold, white, and clear against a livid grey sky, had the air of abandoning her to her fate. They had looked down upon the joys and

MUSIC.

"The Mozart Festival," writes our Munich correspondent, "continues its merry way here. 'Il Seraglio,' 'Figaro,' and 'Zauberflöte' have so far been among the operas I have seen, although the 'Cosi fan Tutti' had been announced, but had to be suddenly withdrawn in consequence of the indisposition of Herr Walter, who, after Vogl, is, I suppose, Munich's crack tenor. Well, the 'Seraglio' and the 'Figaro' were most excellently played, Termina—who made so great a sensation this year in London—taking the part of the Countess quite exquisitely. Both operas were given at the Residenz Theater, and were mounted very charmingly. That little theatre, with its circular stage, is exactly suited to the work of Mozart, whose operas for the most part run through a quick succession of scenes which must be manipulated with great dexterity for the right understanding of stories which are told, as it were, by flashes of lightning. Herr Fischer has conducted the music of these two works, but I scarcely think that he is so successful with Mozart as Strauss, who has few rivals in this respect. But the great event of the season has been the production



THE MILITARY MANŒUVRES IN WILTS AND DORSET: SIR WILLIAM BUTLER TAKING IT EASY ON "GALLONS HILL."

mud? No, no! return to your Englishwoman, who promises you such handsome wages, and when you have more money than you can spend, remember your scapegrace of a husband, who will never be embarrassed in that way."

Françoise sighed. "This is the end, then," said she; "there is no hope."

"*Eh, ma foi!* One hopes—one must always hope. But not for things which can never be."

He understood what she meant, and he was not displeased, only a little amused. He had had to intimate to other women that love is but a fugitive illusion, and he had always sincerely regretted the necessity for such cruel candour. That poor Françoise, with her prematurely old face and her bent figure, should require to be thus enlightened was, perhaps, somewhat laughable; but he was willing to excuse her for that wilful blindness to plain facts which characterises the whole of her sex. Moreover, he had no wish to quarrel with an amiably disposed creature who would soon have English guineas to give away.

As for Françoise, nobody had ever accused her of being quarrelsome. She presently wished her husband good-night, and they parted without any embrace, without making any future appointment—also without the reproaches which one of them might legitimately have addressed to the other. Reproaches, like complaints, are, as a general rule, of little avail, and those who demand the impossible must submit to disappointment.

sorrows, the lives and deaths of so many thousands like her! Every dog has his day, and Françoise realised that she had had hers, short though it had been. Work remained to her—at once a necessity and a blessing—and at least she would now be able to do her work without the old ceaseless, hopeless longing to escape from it.

She did her work, in the sequel, so well and gave such satisfaction to her employers that she is at the present time a dignified, middle-aged housekeeper, presiding over the Cannes establishment, which is only occupied for a matter of three or four months every winter. During her long holidays ample leisure is granted to her for revisiting the Pyrenees; but she has not yet availed herself of these opportunities. Her mother is dead; her brothers and sisters are dispersed and provided for; her husband was killed long ago by one of Esterrade's colts, which fell with him and rolled over him. Why should she spend money which is better bestowed upon the young generation on an objectless journey? If the *mal du pays* still attacks her from time to time—and she admits that it does—she has no longer any wish to live at Luchon.

"But I have a fancy for being buried there," she says, "and since Madame has been so good as to purchase a piece of ground for me beside my boy, I am content. I like to think that my pinch of dust will be added to the heap on which the mountains stand."

THE END.

of 'Zauberflöte,' and for this the Residenz Theater gave place to the large Hof-Theater. The mere mechanism employed in the scenic arrangements of this opera are enough to make Londoners open their eyes very wide indeed. The first act consists of four separate changes, the second act of ten separate changes of scene; and all these changes are effected without the dropping of the curtain and during the space of a very few seconds for each occasion. Moreover, the scenes depicted are of the most elaborate nature, some of the sets filling the whole stage. All of the scenes, too, are beautifully constructed, two at least in the second act being nothing short of glorious.

"The music, of course, is well worthy of this splendid setting, and receives a very noble interpretation on the part of all the artists concerned in the production. The opera ranks among the greatest masterpieces of the world, and was the last which its great creator, Mozart, was ever destined to compose. In every respect justice was done to its merits. Herr Röhr conducted an active and intelligent orchestra; and Herr Vogl as Tamino, the hero, sang capitally. Fräulein Höffmann's Pamina was exceedingly pretty, and the lesser characters were well and conscientiously filled. The chorus—one has to come to Munich after a London season to have one's faith revived in choruses of any kind—was magnificent, and a really tremendous triumph was scored. To the Intendant, Herr von Possart, assuredly belong the chief honour and glory."

OUR CANADIAN VISITORS.

Sir John Macdonald used to lay it down as a maxim, though he was too indispensable to Canadian politics to carry it out for himself, that every Canadian Minister should visit England at least once a year. This maxim was laid down at a time when Sir John Macdonald and his party regarded themselves as the sole repository of Canadian loyalty to British institutions. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues have changed all this: no one now disputes, even in political warfare, the loyalty of any section of Canadian public men. What, then, more natural than that they should, during their two years of office, have seen almost as much of England as their predecessors saw in twenty years. The effect of their close contact with British public men and British life has been startling. Canadian political leaders who ten years ago did not hide in private conversation their belief that Canada must in the course of natural development sever her ties with the mother-country, and quite possibly in the lapse of years become part of the great American Republic, are to-day the men who propose pro-British preferential tariffs and Imperial Penny Postage schemes. And not alone propose them, but push them with such dogged enthusiasm that permanent officialdom in England—that most firmly entrenched of all British institutions—has finally had to yield before them.

The most noteworthy of this season's Canadian visitors to England is Mr. Mulock, who carries back with him to Canada the very welcome Christmas-box of a penny postage rate to and from the mother-country. A scholar as well as a politician of the highest type, Mr. Mulock is in a peculiar sense an ornament to Canadian political life; but his distinctions have already been sufficiently discussed in earlier numbers of this Journal. Amongst our other Canadian visitors Mr. Fisher, the Canadian Minister of Agriculture, is a man from whom, if they only knew it, Englishmen might learn a lesson of pressing importance to the future commercial stability of the mother-country. He is himself a farmer, and together with his chief lieutenant, Professor Robertson, the Canadian Commissioner of Dairying and Agriculture, is carrying out nothing less than a revolution in Canadian rural life. Where before in Eastern Canada there was stagnation and in Western Canada a wilderness, co-operative farming is now bringing general prosperity. To take dairy-farming as an illustration, it may be noted that whereas ten years ago Canada supplied 38 per cent. of British cheese imports, and five years ago 44 per cent., she now supplies well over 50 per cent. In butter, again, the shipments from Montreal during the season of navigation—that is to say, during half the year only—have grown from 32,000 packages in 1894 to two and a quarter million packages last year. This is only one indication of the remarkable results which Mr. Fisher and Professor Robertson are between them carrying out by



Photo Libermans, Quebec.
THE HON. CHARLES FITZPATRICK,
CANADIAN SOLICITOR-GENERAL.



Photo L'Esperance, M. A. H. Co., Ottawa.
THE HON. SYDNEY FISHER,
CANADIAN MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.



Photo E. Lott and Fyfe.
THE HON. ANDREW GEORGE BLAIR,
CANADIAN MINISTER OF RAILWAYS.

the introduction of co-operative methods among Canadian farmers, and no one can talk to Mr. Fisher without bringing away the conviction that were he and Professor Robertson given the mandate to do for the British farmer what they are doing for the Canadian farmer, a new era would soon dawn on the chequered and too often disastrous history of British agriculture. Mr. Fisher, like Professor Robertson, is of Scottish descent—where else shall one look for the greatest prosperity in Canada but among these marvellous men from the North? In his youth he had all the advantages which McGill University could give, and he had more, for he is one of the very few Canadian public men who have graduated at an English University. After leaving Trinity College, Cambridge, he made farming his chief end in life, and Alva Farm, owned and worked by him, is to-day one of the finest in the Eastern Townships of Quebec. The fact that Mr. Fisher has for years been Vice-President of the Quebec branch of the Dominion Alliance helps to account for the most interesting, and it may yet prove momentous, decision of the Canadian Government to take a national plebiscite this autumn on the prohibition issue, and abide by the result.

The Hon. Andrew George Blair is above all else one of the fighters of Canadian political life. Upon his shoulders have fallen some of the sternest of the battles which are always being waged at Ottawa—the battles of railway contracts and rival interests with strong political backings. Mr. Blair first made his fame as a lawyer in his native province of New Brunswick; for though of Scottish descent, Mr. Blair was himself born at Fredericton fifty-four years ago. His fighting qualities found further scope in the Provincial Legislature, and he holds the lightning record in Cabinet-making. When his assaults had in 1883 defeated the Hannington Ministry, it took him but a single day to present the Lieutenant-Governor with a new and complete Administration, with himself as Premier. That Ministry he sustained during three successive General Elections until in 1894, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, finding himself the victor in the Federal Elections, called to his side at Ottawa that remarkable phalanx of provincial Premiers and ex-Premiers of whom Mr. Blair was one.

Mr. Fitzpatrick, unlike his colleagues, is an Irishman to the backbone, and the pillar of Irish Roman Catholics in the Dominion Cabinet. Such is his modesty, few people realise how potent a part Mr. Fitzpatrick has played in the Laurier Administration. No more difficult problem faced the Ministry when they assumed office in July 1896 than the persistent demands of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and, in a much lesser degree, of the Roman Catholic minority in Manitoba, for separate Roman Catholic schools in the place of Mr. Greenway's non-sectarian system. That a compromise has been reached and the problem disposed of is in no small degree due to the tact and conciliatory nature of Mr. Fitzpatrick, not alone at Ottawa and Quebec, but at Rome itself.



THE MILITARY MANŒUVRES IN WILTS AND DORSET.—GOING TO THE OFFICERS' CONFERENCE AFTER THE FIGHT: TWO WAYS OF GETTING THERE.

EVENTS OF THE DAY.

Further anti-ritualistic demonstrations of an unseemly character are reported from Peterborough. Last Sunday a band of Mr. Kensit's followers visited the church of St. Paul, in the cathedral city. The vicar, the Rev. P. A. Maskew, who is well known to favour ritualistic observances, in his sermon made pointed reference to Mr. Kensit, who had spoken at Peterborough only a few days before. The vicar remarked that the crusade was prompted by diabolic agency, whereupon the son of Mr. Kensit, Mr. J. Kensit, jun., rose and protested. Uproar ensued, cries being raised of "No Popery!" and "Down with Roman Catholicism!" The vicar finally retired to the vestry, but even this did not stop the disturbance, for a scuffle, or what strongly resembled it, took place between the Protestant Leaguers and the young communicants who had drawn themselves as a guard around the altar. In the afternoon, in a square close to the church, a meeting was held which shortly degenerated into riot. The vicar, who attended in cassock and biretta, was received with hootings. Before the proceedings terminated the attitude of the protestors had grown so threatening that the chairman had to appeal to them not to injure the vicar.

Captain Sir H. S. Naylor-Leyland, who has gained Mr. Curzon's seat for Southport for the Liberal party, is the only son of the late Colonel Naylor-Leyland of Denbighshire, who married the only daughter of the late Mr. Charles Scarsbrick, of Scarsbrick and Wrightington, Lancashire. The new member was born in 1864, and was educated at Sandhurst, from which he passed into the 2nd Life Guards in 1882. He received his captaincy in 1891,



Photo King, Southport.
CAPTAIN SIR H. S. NAYLOR-LEYLAND,
New M.P. for Southport.

and four years later retired, but remains on the reserve of officers' list. At the General Election of 1892 he was elected for Colchester in the Conservative interest, but resigned in 1895, having become converted to Liberalism and Home Rule. At the next General Election he opposed Mr. Curzon, only to be severely defeated. The swing of the pendulum has, however, brought him back to Parliament in the interest of his second allegiance. Nine years ago he married a daughter of Mr. William S. Chamberlain of Cleveland, Ohio. Three years ago Lord Rosebery made him a Baronet.

Mr. R. C. Lehmann has left his place on the Thames and has set out this week for Worcester, Massachusetts, for his marriage with Miss Davis. It will be the occasion of a meeting among boatmen. Mr. Goldie, the Secretary of the Cambridge University Boat Club, goes out with Mr. Lehmann as his best man; while the President of that club, Mr. Etherington-Smith, and an ex-President of the Oxford University Boat Club, Mr. Wethered, will act as his "ushers," together with the captain and some of the crew of the Harvard Boat Club.

The brief commission of H.M.S. *Crescent* has come to an end. At nine o'clock on the morning of Aug. 26, Captain H.R.H. the Duke of York paid off the ship's company at Portsmouth. The paymaster sat at a small table on the upper deck; beside him stood the Duke, who remained throughout the proceedings. Each man came forward, as the chief writer called his name from the muster-book, and received his pay in the crown of his hat. Jack then took his little paper packet of money to an officer, who counted it to make sure that the correct amount had been given. The whole transaction occupied less than an hour, and the men then went ashore for a week's leave. The Duke bade the crew good-bye on Thursday evening, when he read

Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour's flattering report of his inspection of the vessel. The Duchess of York and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein were present, and the Duchess was presented with an album subscribed



Photo West, Southampton.
IN HIS FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS: PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK
ON BOARD H.M.S. "CRESCENT."

for by the crew, and containing photographs of the crew taken by Chief Petty Officer MacGregor. The presentation was made by Commander H. H. Campbell, and the Duchess, having thanked the men, handed to each officer and petty officer an autograph portrait of the Duke. Her Royal Highness and little Prince Edward have been much aboard the ship during the Duke's command. It is the first time his Royal Highness has held a captain's command, and very probably it will be his last, as there is every likelihood that he will shortly be promoted rear-admiral, for which he has now put in the necessary sea time.

Some fifteen train-loads of pilgrims went the other day from Paris to Lourdes. The first to steam southward was the "white train"—that which bore the most infirm and desperately ill of the travellers who hoped for "the moving of the water" in their favour at the Bethesda of modern France. These were in charge of Sisters of Charity, and it is a report all to the good account of M. Zola that, in consequence of his famous book on Lourdes, the comforts

by some. The water was drunk, and at any rate the reputed cures gained for Lourdes the fame of a great centre of faith-healing. A piece of rock blackened by smoke, but bearing a few shrubs, is all that nature supplies for the shrine that holds the white image of the Virgin. That is the Grotto; and the blaze of candles, the great congregation of crutches that the cured men and women "of frail clay" have left behind them, and the kneeling figures in entreaty or thanksgiving, go to complete a picture which is unlike anything else that can be seen, not in France only, but in all Europe. In Roman Catholic churches all over Europe and America there are reminiscences of Lourdes—statues of "Our Lady of Lourdes," and in some cases reproductions of the Grotto itself. The water of Lourdes—too, is in the market: it can be bought and begged in London or in New York.

The Nurses have found another benefactress in the Dowager Lady Howard de Walden, who has given a site, near Portland Place, for a Nurses' Home and Club, and who will herself provide a chief part of the cost of its erection. The Nurses are still a comparatively new corporation, but they are a popular one, as is shown by the number of endowments recently made in their favour.

Professor Sir William Crookes, President of the British Association now assembled at Bristol, was born in 1832, and was educated at the Royal College of Chemistry. In 1855 he became Professor of Chemistry at the Training College, Chester. His publications are very numerous, and include select methods in chemical analysis and many treatises on the application of chemistry to industrial processes. He is a Fellow of the Royal Society, a Past President of the Chemical Society, Past President of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, and editor of two scientific journals. He was knighted in 1897.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
SIR WILLIAM CROOKES, F.R.S.,
President of the British Association.

To grow old beautifully is not so much an art as a natural endowment. Happy is the man, and happier the woman, to whom the acquisition of years means no loss of dignity in figure or in face! Of such women the Queen of Denmark stands in the front rank; and the latest photograph of her, even in her ill-health, is a happy promise of the winter of the life of the Princess of Wales, who so closely resembles her both in form and in feature. To say that the Queen of Denmark has, at the age of seventy, a figure as upright, as well held together, and as graceful as her daughter's is to show that heredity rather than any elaborate artifice is responsible for the beauty of form which is the admiration, and sometimes perhaps the friendly envy, of the women of London.

"Harvest home" was celebrated at Osborne on the afternoon of Saturday, Aug. 27, when the Queen's tenants enjoyed a splendid entertainment, in which some 300 guests took part. The company included some bluejackets from the royal yachts. The Land Steward of the Osborne estates occupied the chair, and in submitting the toast of "The

Photo West, a London and Co.



THE HOLY GROTTO, LOURDES, SHOWING THE CRUTCHES OF PILGRIMS WHO CLAIM TO HAVE BEEN CURED.

of the sick en route were more a matter of moment this year than ever before. It was in February 1858 that a little girl, Bernadette Soubirous, had a vision of a woman in white, who smiled upon her and said that she came to call France to repentance. Moreover, she would have a church built there, and, as a sign of her mission, she struck the ground, whence sprang a fountain of clearest water. Such is the story of the now famous Grotto, as it was told by the little sun-tanned Pyrenean peasant maiden. It was repeated, tested by authority, disbelieved by many, accepted

Queen" referred to the satisfactory progress of the estate during the last year. The toast was honoured with the greatest enthusiasm. A programme of sports was then carried out, and the ground was visited by the Queen, the Duchess of York, Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and the Court ladies, who came in carriages. The Duke of York and gentlemen of the Court came on foot. At the close of the sports the Queen distributed the prizes, which took the form of clocks, umbrellas, and such-like useful articles.

Sir James Kitson—the "young Kitson" of a famous allusion of Lord Randolph Churchill's—is a most excellent chairman, not of political meetings only, with democracy at the doors, but of conferences of the Iron and Steel Institute, with a King as guest. Stockholm was the scene of Saturday's meeting; and of the supper which King Oscar of Sweden gave to the Institute's members. It was attended by some five hundred guests, many of them Englishmen, and it drank with great enthusiasm the health of the monarch of a land of timber that is to be allied to the iron and steel of other lands in a hundred branches of manufacturing.

By command of her Majesty a handsome granite monument has been erected in Perth cemetery upon the grave of the late David Fenwick, who was killed on June 21 near Cove, Kincardineshire, while driving the royal train. The train on its way from Balmoral had left Aberdeen only a few minutes, when the communication-cord became entangled. Fenwick, it will be remembered, mounted the tender to release the cord, when his head struck a bridge and he was instantly killed. Her Majesty telegraphed her condolences to Fenwick's widow. The inscription upon the monument runs—"Erected by Queen Victoria, as a mark of sympathy, in memory of



Photo W. Ross Duffie, Glasgow.

MONUMENT ERECTED BY THE QUEEN TO ENGINE-DRIVER FENWICK.

David Fenwick, engine-driver, aged fifty-two years, who was fatally injured when driving the royal train from Aberdeen to Perth." The date follows, and on the pedestal are engraved the words "At Rest."

For many years the Queen of Holland has been the most interesting figure on the Continent for those people who know no history. There is always a certain pathos about a child sovereign, and in a girl that interest is doubled. Every schoolboy (in all literalness) knows what Wilhelmina looks like; for his stamp-album bristles with her portrait, showing her with her hair hanging down in girlish fashion and a pearl necklace around her throat. She is the very image of her aunt, the Duchess of Albany. The little King of Spain is also shown on stamps, but in a more baby state. The engraver makes him look rather solid and sulky, while "little Wilhelmina" (which recalls Southey) smiles sweetly from above "5" or "15 cents," as the case may be.

Probably the next issue of Dutch stamps will show the young Queen with her hair "done up." But baby faces on postage-stamps will still have a place, for Newfoundland is about to issue a stamp with the head of the tiny Prince who will one day be Edward VII.

The memorial trees planted at Inveraray Castle during the tenure of the present Duke of Argyll make by this time a goodly growth. A cedar of Lebanon marks a visit from the Queen; and another cedar a visit from Tennyson, who planted also a Spanish chestnut, as did Sir John Lawrence and Mr. Gladstone. A Wellingtonia stands for the late Emperor of Germany, an oak for the late Earl Russell, and, rather appropriately, for James Russell Lowell a silver fir.

Only a week or two ago the Press was actively engaged in helping to save the view from the Flagstaff, Hampstead Heath. At the time when this Journal interviewed the most active promoter of the scheme, to whom the ultimate rescue of Golders Hill was mainly due, that gentleman happened to mention how the view from the Terrace, Richmond Hill, vies with that from the Flagstaff for beauty and extent. It did not at the moment seem likely that the Richmond view would soon have to be preserved also. Yet so it has turned out. The owner of the island known as Glover's Island, opposite Petersham meadows, has offered it for sale by auction on Sept. 21 next, and as no restriction exists, or will be placed by the vendor on the purchaser as to the use to which the property may be applied, the Mayor of Richmond fears lest the island be converted into a manufactory or a vast advertising medium, or be used in some other way ruinous to the famous view. As an offer has actually been made by a large advertising firm, the Mayor has secured the option of purchase prior to the day of sale at £4000. Of course, an appeal has to be made to the public for help, but this ought to be readily accorded; for if Glover's Island is disfigured, the view from Richmond Hill loses one of its most beautiful accessories. Those who may not be familiar with the scene will understand from our Illustration how important the island is to the landscape. The view was a favourite with the poet Thomson. As the day of sale is very near, steps towards securing the island in the interests of the public must be taken at once.

On Thursday, Aug. 18, Birchington-on-Sea was favoured by an unusual and somewhat bulky visitor in the form of a whale, which came ashore at three p.m., possibly the fashionable hour at Birchington. The news of the unusual arrival soon spread, and on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, brakes, motor-cars, bicycles, and every kind of vehicle brought shoals of people from all parts to gaze upon the stranded monster. Pedestrians, too, flocked to the place in goodly numbers. The show continued to attract the curious until Aug. 23, when inevitable natural chemical processes rendered the visitor no longer desirable. The whale was accordingly deluged with petroleum, and this, together with the cetacean's own inflammable properties, rendered it a very creditable bonfire on the beach. The ordeal by fire did not, however, prove quite a satisfactory means of getting rid of the intruder, and the district authorities are now in a dilemma regarding the ultimate destination of what has survived



Photo G. Connors.

WHALE STRANDED AT BIRCHINGTON-ON-SEA.

the flames. As the whale measured 40 ft. in length, 10 ft. 7 in. across the tail, and weighed at least ten tons, the problem is certainly not light.

The Earl of Mount Edgcumbe, whom the Prince of Wales went ashore last Saturday to visit, had the opportunity to drive his guest through a lovely park, which, unlike the parks of London, is still in full summer perfection of foliage. The extent of sea-water and of greenery

growing down to it is a feature of Mount Edgcumbe Park rather rare among the parks of this country, and its proud possessor will not part with it without a pang. But it seems a necessity to the defences of Plymouth; the War



Photo Ross and sons.

THE VIEW FROM RICHMOND HILL: GLOVER'S ISLAND, NOW THREATENED WITH DISFIGUREMENT.

Office has long had an eye to it; and now the rumour is of an impending transfer from private ownership to that of the State. Signs of England's naval activities are to be seen close at hand, notably, at this moment, a row of eight wicked-looking torpedo-destroyers, all in line, and resembling most some new species of river-beetle.

Londoners are not very proud of the building of their National Gallery. Trafalgar Square is one of the finest and most open of London sites; and if ever architecture had an opportunity one would suppose it might be when an unmatched collection of the masterpieces of a sister art had to be housed. As it is, the National Gallery resembles the King's daughter—its beauty is all within. Too late is any grumbling now. But the artists of Paris have stirred betimes in dread of a somewhat kindred misfortune. They met on Sunday to protest against the internal architectural arrangements of the new building designed to house the two Salons, formerly rivals, but now reconciled. In short, the "outsiders" of Paris vow that they will not exhibit unless the plans of the palace of art are modified.

The losing of seemingly impossible things used to be exemplified by Dickens's cook who mislaid the beef. The glory of this achievement has, however, been somewhat dulled by the mislaying of a railway-wagon laden with copper, belonging to the London and North-Western Railway. Since April 7 this vehicle has been missing, and



Photo G. Connors.

WHALE STRANDED AT BIRCHINGTON-ON-SEA.

was found only last Saturday in a siding near Leicester. No one can tell how it got there. But even this is not the last word. Some time ago another railway company, which need not be further specified, set about stock-taking and found itself two locomotive-engines short. Search was fruitless, the only solution of the mystery being that an official, who had been persuaded to resign some time before, had entered the engines as in stock, but had omitted to order them.



1. "Good Measure: Running Over."
2. His Unwonted (but now Fashionable) Refreshment.

3. A Council of Water: the Morning's Supply in the Alley.
4. The Stand-Pipe at the Mercy of the Small Fry.

5. Enough and to Spare.
6. Not Sparing Enough.

THE WATER FAMINE IN THE EAST-END: HOW THE WATER IS WASTED.

THE CROWNING OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND: FROM THE CRADLE TO THE THRONE.



TWO MONTHS OLD.



ONE YEAR OLD.



QUEEN WILHELMINA AT ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE,
WITH THE QUEEN-REGENT.



AT ELEVEN YEARS OF AGE.

THE CROWNING OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND: FROM THE CRADLE TO THE THRONE.



A ROYAL FAVOURITE.



FIVE YEARS OLD.



AT THIRTEEN YEARS OF AGE.



THREE YEARS OLD.

THE CROWNING OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND: FROM THE CRADLE TO THE THRONE.



QUEEN WILHELMINA IN THE FRISIAN CAP.



AT EIGHTEEN YEARS OF AGE.



AT SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE.



PRESENT DAY.

THE CROWNING OF THE QUEEN OF HOLLAND.



PREPARING FOR THE FESTIVITIES: REPRESENTATION OF "VINKE POORT," AN OLD DUTCH GATE, ERECTED BY THE JEWS IN AMSTERDAM.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Melton Prior.



T H E S O U D A N A D V A N C E .



THE 21ST LANCERS (LATE 21ST HUSSARS) IN THEIR SOUDAN UNIFORM.

This regiment is now serving in the Soudan for the first time as the 21st Lancers.

T H E S O U D A N A D V A N C E



THE 21ST LANCERS (LATE 21ST HUSSARS) IN THEIR HOME UNIFORM.

FROM EUSTON TO KLONDIKE.—No. V.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

FROM LINDERMAN TO LAKE MARSH.

Linderman almost baffles description. All along the shore, and to some distance up the side hills, boat-building was being carried on with quite feverish activity, and the noise of a steam saw-mill, whip-saw, and hammering and planing resounded on all sides. Boats were there of all imaginable shapes and sizes, from big unwieldy barges to tiny craft that reminded one of the paper boat dear to childhood. It was indeed a wonderful sight. Many of the boats were being constructed with great skill, and were evidently the production of practical boat-builders, whilst others were little better than flat open boxes. I saw well-built boats, capable of holding three or four men and two tons of provisions, etc., for \$75. They could not have cost much less to build. Apart from these home-made craft, there were "Peterborough" and "Strickland" canoes, steel boats built in sections, collapsible boats, punts, and in fact almost anything fit for the long river journey, on sale all along the principal thoroughfare. The crowds of people were as remarkable as the number of different languages one heard. The costumes were most picturesque and of the most varied colours and description. Many women were to be seen elbowing their way through the throng of swarthy, bearded men, several of these ladies even in this rough camp making some attempt at coquettish display, although the coarse uncomely costume necessary for the rough trip did not as a rule lend itself to graceful styles. I saw one very pretty girl with a straw hat and veil, yellow oilskin coat cut to fit her figure, blue overall short skirt, and high top-boots and brown kid gloves, who looked as though dressed for some scene from an opera comique. These splashes of colour helped considerably to give animation to the curious *coup-d'œil*, which was still further heightened by the numerous pack-trains of horses, mules, and donkeys constantly passing through.

Our baggage had got delayed at the summit; but, after a couple of days' wait, Boss turned up with the welcome intelligence that the canoe and baggage were well on the way to Linderman. So as their arrival was only a question of a few hours, I thought we might as well run over to Lake Bennett and have a look around there, and get some information as to state of river, etc.; for our actual start was to be made from Bennett. A small iron steamer had just started running from Linderman, and for the moderate sum of \$1 landed one at the foot of the lake, whence a walk of half a mile over the narrow tongue of land dividing the two lakes brought one to the town of Bennett. It was my first trip on the lake, and I was surprised to see the whole way that on both shores were numerous camps where boat-building was energetically prosecuted. Bennett was, if anything, a busier camp than Linderman.

In the town of tents itself one could find almost everything—hot baths, barber-shops, restaurants, drinking-saloons; while in the main thoroughfare mining agents, land agents, solicitors, doctors, dentists, company promoters, rubbed elbows with unkempt and dirty Indian packers, brawny, bearded miners, and eager, newly arrived fortune-seekers—all on their way to their golden shrine in far-off Klondike.

After a delay of a few days our guide turned up, and with him, on a wagon, the canoe and all the baggage, the canoe looking not a bit the worse for her long land journey and scarcely showing a scratch. So I decided to start the following morning. We had a pleasant fare, well evening with several good fellows who were starting a few days later, and when we eventually returned to our tent the sun was already well above the horizon. It took some little time to arrange and pack the canoe, for 1600 lb. is a fair load for a small boat at any time. Still, we found that when all was in and we three also, she had fully ten inches of free-board. Going into the town for the last time to make some trifling purchase, I heard of a Japanese boy from one of the restaurants who would come to Dawson with us and do our cooking on the way in return for his passage and food. Knowing how little space we could dispose of, I would not give a reply until I had seen him; but when I saw a little chap about four feet six inches high and not weighing more than seven stone, I decided at once to give him passage on his own terms, and on the sole condition that his baggage was in proportion to his dimensions.

With our guide and Frank, our Japanese cook, we were indeed travelling *en prince*, if such is possible in a canoe. At last we got away—curiously enough, just at the moment that one of the big passenger-steamers was launched. Into the water it glided majestically, and without attracting more attention than our own departure, and that was not much; people in Bennett being far too occupied with their own affairs to look at such trifles. Many boats surrounded us as we quickly proceeded and caught up with them one by one, the lumbering, awkwardly built craft having no chance against the well-constructed canoe. We continued with but a short pause for a meal, and by midnight we had done exactly fifty-six miles and reached Tagish, a station of the North-West Mounted Police on the river of that name, which extends from Tagish to Lake Marsh. I had a letter to the officer in charge,

Captain Strickland, so had decided to stop over and present it. Moreover, it was here we were to get our miners' licenses. The daylight as we were gradually getting farther north had continued increasing and there was now but a little twilight but no night; so it was broad daylight when we landed at about one a.m., and set the boy to work to light a fire and get us some hot coffee



ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE: THE WINTER MAIL, CHILKOOT PASS.

while we put up the tent. It was not an ideal camping ground, but we were too sleepy to waste time choosing another, and after a hasty supper turned in without delay. Next morning we went up to the police camp to see Captain Strickland. The station consisted of half-a-dozen log-built cabins, and was also the office of the district gold commissioner and custom officer, Captain Strickland representing all these vocations. We spent the whole morning at the place, which was crowded with people waiting to get licenses, and were shown four Indian prisoners who were in custody on a charge of murdering a prospector some months ago.

We got our miners' licenses here, which gave us the right to seek for gold anywhere in the Dominion and North-West Territory for the period of one year from date for the sum of ten dollars each. As we should soon be in



ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE: A DOG TEAM.

the gold-bearing district, we both felt we might have a chance of staking out a couple of claims. We also had to get our boat registered here; the number we got being something in the third thousand. We got away after dinner, and just as a good favourable breeze sprang up.

Evening was on us by the time we had got across the lake, and the wind dropped as we entered the Lewis River. Camps were being pitched all along the river-banks, and I noticed so many men fishing that I got out my rod and line and tried my luck for a couple of hours, but without success. We took supper on the boat as we drifted along, and towards midnight we decided to halt for the night.

(To be continued.)

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The reported discovery of a process by Dr. Lilienfeld, of Vienna, whereby artificial albumen can be easily produced, has naturally aroused a considerable amount of interest in scientific circles. While it is certain that an albumen or an equivalent substance can be produced chemically for manufacturing purposes, it would be too much to assume that the compound in question can be regarded as representing that which we obtain from animals and plants. Dr. Lilienfeld, I believe, claims not only to have succeeded in making an artificial albumen closely corresponding to the real compound, but unless I am mistaken, his claim extends to the production of an albumen which corresponds to the peptone stage of things, and which therefore imitates the condition into which albumens pass when acted upon by the gastric juice of the stomach. The peptone stage, in other words, may be regarded as a higher phase of albumen-making, at least in so far as its usage by the living tissues as food is concerned. It is this latter feature which suggests the idea that Dr. Lilienfeld's product may serve as a substitute for the natural albumens which figure so conspicuously in our diet-lists. Under this conception, already I notice certain journals have been promising the world a cheapening of the nitrogenous food-stuffs all round, and dilating on the ability of constructive chemistry to replace our sources of albumen-supply in the shape of the animal and plant worlds whence we draw our nitrogenous stores.

For my own part, and speaking with due caution and with an eye to past experimentation in the way of building up in the laboratory imitations of natural products, I should greatly doubt the truth of this latter idea. You may make an artificial albumen or peptone by synthesis, that is, by chemically forcing together the elements of which albumen is composed; but that such a prepared substance can perfectly replace the albumen we obtain from meat and other food products (made in nature's laboratory) is quite another matter. I believe there are essential differences between such artificial and natural products that no efforts of science can ever obliterate, and I am led to form this opinion from the fact that when we begin to experiment on our nutrition with the artificial foods, we find they fail adequately to represent or replace the real foods as efficient nutrients. There is a something in the vital substance, the product of the living chemistry, which is wanting in the product of the laboratory. We have had more than one illustration of like attempts to imitate nature's products, and with the result I have named. And that it will be so with the new albumen I cannot doubt.

One of the most fertile methods for the spread of tuberculosis (or consumption) is the diffusion of the germs contained in the matter coughed up from the lungs of affected persons. So long as this matter is moist, no danger is to be apprehended, but when it becomes dried, its germs are diffused through the air as invisible specks, and are liable to be breathed by persons susceptible to attack. There can be no doubt that a great number of cases of the disease are produced in this way. Absolute and direct infection is thus represented, and one of the results of the movement now on foot for the prevention of consumption will and must result in the education of the people in the idea of the necessity for destroying all infective matter of the kind to which I have just alluded. The broadcast distribution of consumption germs through the undesirable habit of spitting in the street and elsewhere, is a fact of existence, and is an evil which must be combated by the cultivation of an enlightened opinion against it.

These remarks are suggested by a notification of the Prefect of Police of Paris, who desires to bring more stringently into force the regulations which forbid the habit of spitting in the omnibuses and Seine steamers. The Council of Public Health has repeatedly impressed on the authorities the necessity for the instruction of the people in this matter, and it is to be eminently desired that the recommendations of this body should be followed. I note also that the Prefect desires the publication of the reasons why the habit of spitting should be stopped. This is a wise move. People will always be more likely to attend to a regulation the meaning and purport of which is explained to them. I should like to see a placard pasted up in every omnibus, tramcar, and railway carriage in this country, advising the abolition of the habit, and likewise plainly notifying the dangers which accrue from persistence therein.

A correspondent asks for information regarding a remedy for sea-sickness which was noted in this column a year or so ago. I fancy chlorobrom, a compound devised by the late Professor Charteris, M.D., of Glasgow, is the substance indicated. This is a compound of bromide of potash and chloralamid. Ship surgeons are loud in its praise. With preliminary care in diet—a most important point—rest when on board ship in the berth, and a dose of chlorobrom, the sufferer from *mal-de-mer* has at least a fair chance of escaping his trials and troubles.



FROM KUSTON TO KLONDIKE: ON LAKE MARSH.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Woes of Jezebel, by Haldane Macfall. Grant Richards.
The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow, by Jerome K. Jerome. (Hurst and Blackett).
The Forest Lovers, by Maurice Hewlett. (Marmion and Co.)
The Monks of the Holy Tear, by Lucas Cleeve. (P. V. White and Co.)
Modern Instances, by Ella d'Arcy. John Lane.
The Adventures of a French Sergeant during his Campaigns in Italy, Spain, Germany, Russia, etc. From 1805 to 1825, written by himself. Hupfuss.
An Elusive Lover, by Verna Woods. Archibald Constable.
Via Lucis, by Kassandria Vivaria. (William Heinemann.)
Tammer's Duel, by E. and H. Heron. (C. Arthur Pearson.)
The Jewish Year-Book, edited by Joseph Jacobs. (Greenberg.)

Mr. Haldane Macfall is a kinsman of Mrs. Sarah Grand, and he does credit to the relationship. One cannot read this volume without realising that he may yet become a force in literature. Untutored he is, one would gather, for the book is more in the nature of random sketches strung together than of a developed novel; and there is the tendency to prolixity and exuberance which generally disappears with larger experience. But through all runs a note of power—that power which also means delicacy—which not the most casual reader can mistake, and which the most hardened will find potent to thrill. Mr. Macfall's themes are lowly enough. In point of fact, they are *Barbaules* and *Jamaica "niggers"*, whose ways are as dark as their morals are shady. It is only on reconsidering the book that you recognise that there is no approximation to a hero in it. You will not in any novel of the size find quite so complete a collection of ardent scamps. Most of the men go to jail; the women—well, they would be better in it. Masheen Dyle's dog is the most virtuous of the crew; and, indeed, few writers have been able to treat the well-worn theme of canine fidelity so prettily and so pathetically. Humorous, too, Mr. Macfall of course is—none but a man of humour could understand the negro—and his writing is as graphic as his incidents are daring. But it is the lurid and the terrible that draw forth his full powers. There is one chapter, "Deborah Bryan Breaks into the House of the Southsayer," which in point of sheer vividness and horror cannot easily be matched in recent fiction. The man who can paint with colours like those need not apologise to a wilderness of literary relatives for dedicating his book to them.

Mr. Jerome has put a good deal of genuine humour into this volume of essays; but it is not "new" humour. His drollest story describes the adventures on a coach of two young people, in no way related, in a part of the country which is much frequented by honeymoon couples. It is impossible to read this without being reminded of David Copperfield's interview with the waiter, and the misunderstanding which affected the entire inn when little David set off on the coach after a prodigious meal which he was supposed to have eaten without assistance. Mr. Jerome is a disciple, not a slavish imitator of Dickens, and nobody will call Dickens a "new" humorist. Equally old-fashioned is Mr. Jerome's philosophy, which consists largely of exhortations to literary beginners to avoid that "roaring gingerbread show," the "world of letters, forsooth," and reminders to famous persons in the "show" that they were much happier in those early days in Camden Town. A certain man of genius named Thackeray preached this gospel before Mr. Jerome was born. We can stand it in Thackeray even now, but in Mr. Jerome's "Second Thoughts" it is rather unprofitable. "Make a home, lad, for the woman who loves you; gather one or two friends about you; work, think, and play, and that will bring you happiness." Most true, but as dull as copybook headings or the sermon of the average curate. Mr. Jerome tells a story of a little boy whose fireworks would not go off before the visitor, but behaved admirably when he had no other spectator than his mother. Moral: the "solid but inexplicable fact ruling all human affairs—your fireworks won't go off while the crowd is around." Is it possible that there is any reader—"gentle reader," as Mr. Jerome would say—to whom this profound reflection is novel? Is your setup for understanding human nature, says a financial magnate to Mr. Jerome. "It's a mystery to me." The "mystery" is the instinct for work for its own sake. And so Mr. Jerome falls to pondering. "Why this endless work? Of what use our mad striving, our passionate desire?" And so on for several pages. The truth is that as a philosopher Mr. Jerome is essentially commonplace; he walks in a beaten track, and wherever his predecessors have kicked a pebble he kicks it, and wherever they paused to ask a question he pauses and asks the selfsame question. The effect is tiresome; but, on the other hand, Mr. Jerome has a knack of pleasant writing, and his "Idle Fellow" may amuse many idle persons of both sexes, who will skip the philosophy and the sentiment and read the anecdotes.

It is not easy to describe the charm of Mr. Hewlett's delightful romance. Perhaps it springs from your feeling that the moment Prosper le Gai rides into the forest, which is full of sinister shapes and legends, and finds the wicked Maufrey burying the dead knight with the "green froth" on his lips, you pass into an atmosphere as old as romance itself, that has neither period nor geography, and yet appeals in all its dealings to the strongest human instincts. Very human indeed is Sir Prosper, with his boyish self-confidence, his lack of delicate perception, his honesty and fearlessness, his capacity for passion, his anger and ferocity. And little Isoult, whom he saves from the gallows by marrying her, taking no more thought of this than of any charitable act, is a really beautiful and subtle creation of womanhood. The adventures of this pair in the Forest of Morgtraut have an elusive flavour now and then of the "Morte d'Arthur" and the "Fæerie Queene"; but Mr. Hewlett is no imitator. We have all read romances of this kind, but never anything of this peculiar quality, in which poetry and humanity and a certain purely modern insight are compacted in a scheme with the old-world stamp upon it. Mr. Hewlett puts no

restraint upon the martial prowess of his hero, who is a veritable Samson as a slayer of men, and is not much the worse when he is felled with an axe and thrown out of a castle-window into the moat. Contrasted with this upright but rather bull-headed paladin, Isoult is an exquisite image of tender solicitude, shy love, unconquerable devotion. The ideal is old-fashioned, but the interpretation is magical. Further, the book is full of stirring scenes, and is written with the story-teller's art which makes you delightfully confident that anything may happen when you turn over the next page. Whatever else Mr. Hewlett may do, "The Forest Lovers" is a distinct acquisition to the true literature of romance.

The heroes and heroine of Lucas Cleeve's "The Monks of the Holy Tear" are dwarfed upon the vast stage they occupy, which has the Massacre of St. Bartholomew for the lurid background of its closing scenes. Indeed, the bathos of her description of the massacre itself shows that the author has attempted a subject too great for her strength. Here, for example, is her account of Admiral Coligny's fortitude in the moment of his assassination: "Maurvel had concealed himself behind a lattice of the Hôtel de Betz; he could escape then through the cloisters of St. Germain. Coligny had lost one finger, but he had lost neither his courage nor his faith." And here ends the description. It is, however, with the Monks of the Holy Tear—guardians not only of the tear shed by Christ over the dead body of Lazarus, but also of the papers written by the saint about his own resurrection, and signed by the twelve Apostles—that we have chiefly to do, and there is no lack of Romish intrigues and cruelties to keep our interest awake. But "The Monks of the Holy Tear" is, on the whole, rather a childish production.

There is nothing childish about Miss Ella d'Arcy's singularly clever and biting sketches, "Modern Instances," but their pessimism is depressing. Written upon such texts as "There are some virtues which dig their own graves," and "Marriage is the metamorphosis of women," they could not help being sad and cynical, but at least they are interesting, life-like, and well written. It is unfortunate that the first story of the book—if story it can be called—should be so lame and impotent in its conclusion, since it only faintly suggests the picturesque power shown in its successors.

Goethe's judgment of "The Adventures of a French Sergeant" that the simplicity of the autobiography seems incompatible with the breadth and depth and penetration of view it occasionally exhibits, and the judgment of historians that many of the Sergeant's statements are demonstrably inaccurate, appear to make strongly against both the genuineness and the authenticity of the narrative. But the wider and deeper views might come from the Sergeant's reading, while the inaccuracies were to be expected from his age, from his calling, and from his country. "Lord, Lord, how we old men lie!" cries Falstaff; and an old soldier, and a French soldier at that, should be allowed his additional discount off his statements. Robert Guilleminard probably believed that he had shot Nelson, as George IV. believed that he had led the Guards at Waterloo; and the Sergeant's other demonstrated inaccuracies are yet more intelligible and excusable. Of the interest of his narrative there can be no two opinions.

"Is it true, think you?" asks Mopsa, and Autolycus at once endorses the monstrous tale with the names of a host of experts. Though Miss Verna Woods endorses her no less marvellous tale, "An Elusive Lover," with the names of such experts on periodic amnesia as Ribot, Sully, and Dr. Azam, she will hardly find as credulous an audience as Autolycus. For what she asks us to believe is that a young New York millionaire, intemperate in all ways and things, and absolutely ignorant at once of German and of painting, becomes when drunk a mild German painter, whose knowledge of English is imperfect, while his knowledge of his art is mastery. Both personalities love the same girl, quarrel about her, and would have fought a duel about her, if "periodic amnesia" permitted of such doubles being contemporary. Finally, one personality is charged with the murder of the other, and is cleared of the charge only by becoming the other in the dock. When the law had made up its mind about them, it remained for the heroine to make up hers; but how she decides between them we must leave the reader of this strange story to discover for himself.

Different indeed is the atmosphere of "Via Lucis" from that which we breathed in the previous novel. The heroine of this fine psychological study is a young girl with the intense ideals of a saint. Unlike a saint, however, she begins with God—to be more than disappointed in her search after Him in convents—and ends with man, to her disillusionment also. "Via Lucis" reads occasionally like a direct transcript from life, and the impression is deepened by its lame and impotent conclusion, which is only too human. It is, perhaps, a little too long for the impatience of modern readers, who also its subtle psychological analysis of a young girl's ideas and ideals may weary.

No reader, however impatient, can complain of the length or of the weight of Messrs. E. and H. Heron's "Tammer's Duel," a singularly light and bright account of a South African lesson to a murderous fire-eater. This licensed *sicarius* arrived in Jersey, his hand red with the blood of his forty-ninth victim—a mere boy whom he ran through the liver for justly charging him with cheating at cards. Tammer, delivering himself freely at the *table-d'hôte* upon this latest murder, unconscious of the presence at table of the man he denounced, was challenged therefor, and his mode of accepting the challenge and of bearing himself upon the field of honour are narrated with admirable verve, vigour, and humour. The second tale in this bright little book, "Scanderson," is equally well told, but not perhaps equally worth the telling.

The new issue of the "Jewish Year-Book" is a distinct advance on its two predecessors. The feature of this year

is the extension of the section called "Who's Who in British Jewry." This is a curious compilation, including some well-known people whom one had not suspected of being Hebrew. Mr. Jacobs might give us in a future edition the different forms that a Jewish name like Cohen or Levi undergoes in its migration up the Gentile social scale. The glossary of Jewish terms is exceedingly instructive and should interest Biblical scholars. Mr. L. J. Greenberg in a chapter on Alien Immigration clearly shows the drift of responsible Jewish opinion. Mr. Arnold White is a red rag to Israel; and the attempt of Lord Harewood to restrict alien immigration is denounced. At this moment there are only eleven millions of Jews in the world, Europe sheltering (in 1891) 7,701,266. The number in England was at 101,189 in 1891. In view of the Kaiser's forthcoming visit to Palestine, this Year-Book is of special interest. Like all Mr. Jacobs' work, it is done with conscience.

A LITERARY LETTER.

Mr. Lewis Hind's novel, "The Enchanted Stone," is to be published by Messrs. A. and C. Black. One or two excellent judges who have read the proof-sheets pronounce it to be an exceptionally admirable story. It will be pleasant if Mr. Hind, as editor of the *Academy*, finds himself compelled to crown his own book, when that most exemplary function comes off some time next year.

I have received a document that is being privately circulated, and which sets forth at length a proposal for erecting a statue of Byron in Aberdeen. As is well known, Byron spent his childhood in the Granite City, and, indeed, although he more than once spoke in prose with considerable contempt of those years of Puritanical environment, he nevertheless wrote undying lyrics concerning the neighbourhood, as well he might, seeing that it gave him the first of his innumerable love affairs. The proposal that Byron should have a statue in Aberdeen will meet with the entire approval of all who feel that there are not half enough statues of our great men, and that London in particular is disgraced by the absence of these artistic memorials. Just think of it, that Shakspeare, whose statue stands forth conspicuous in the city of Paris, would have had no monument in London were it not for the generosity of that well-nigh forgotten financier, Baron Grant, who, if I remember aright, was a German—not an Englishman.

Certainly I think that Aberdeen should have a statue of Byron, but it will be surprising if all Aberdonians see the matter in that light. I have never been to that greyest of grey cities, although I promise myself a visit there next year as the guest of one of the most distinguished of its University's sons. They tell me that a thick black line of glossily broadcloth figures may be seen in Union Street Sunday after Sunday on the way to the kirk. I doubt if that thick black line will be as enthusiastic over Byron as a certain thin red line was over Wellington. Both men, if the truth were known, had that in their life-story which should not be approved, and justly so, by the good people of Aberdeen; but it is curious how much more ready the public is to condone the weaknesses of its military and naval than of its literary heroes. In any case that statue of Byron will "arrive," for I see that the movement has the support of the Duke of Fife, the Earl of Rosebery, Sir Mount Stuart Grant-Duff, Mr. James Bryce, and a very large number of Scotch University Professors.

Those who heard the admirable address by Mr. J. Gennadius on "Dr. Johnson as a Grecian," read before the Johnson Club at The Spaniards, Highbury, two months ago, will be very glad to possess the essay in pamphlet form. Mr. Gennadius is a Greek who for a long time was representative of his country at the Court of St. James's. He has always taken an enthusiastic interest in literature, and has made contributions to both the literature of his own and our land. The manner in which Mr. Gennadius has summarised the points in Boswell and elsewhere which indicate the extent and the limits of Johnson's Greek scholarship is exceedingly interesting. I doubt, however, the good taste of the writer—whenever he may be—who prefaces Mr. Gennadius's pamphlet with the information that "this particular phase of Johnson's attainments has never before been dealt with, and certainly no one could be better qualified to develop it than Mr. Gennadius." No doubt it is the custom of many a modern editor to pat the author on the back, but Mr. Gennadius should scarcely be grateful for so vigorous a pat as this.

A long complete story by Dr. George MacDonald—the last he has written for a considerable time, and probably the last which, at his advanced age, he will now write—is to be published in the Christmas Number of the *Sketch*.

Messrs. Longmans have sent me a selection of volumes from their "Silver Library." Under this title they have published a magnificent collection of the writings of distinguished authors. The title would seem to have been derived from the silver lettering which appeared on the volumes in their original binding. That binding, however, received so much well-deserved condemnation that I presume it is on this account that the Library now appears in very much neater boards than hitherto. The silver lettering has been abandoned for the ordinary gilt. While fully recognising the immense superiority of the new Library to the old, I still think that Messrs. Longmans would have been better advised if they had published a series of libraries in different cloths—a historical library, a travel library, a library of fiction, and a library of science. There seems no particular reason why Mr. Froude's "Oceana," one of the volumes before me, Mr. Rider Haggard's "Heart of the World," and Mr. R. A. Proctor's "Light Science for Leisure Hours" should have appeared in the same dress, even though that dress be a fairly presentable one. I may add, however, that Cardinal Newman's works have been removed from the "Silver Library" altogether, and may now be purchased in a suitable black cloth binding. C. K. S.

LADIES' PAGE.

"The King is dead, long live the King!" applies above all things to the fashion of dress, and as soon as September arrives we begin to reflect about what we shall order from our favourite tailor and our pet dressmaker for the rapidly approaching autumn. In the way of wraps, always an early consideration, the capes will chiefly be of the shawl-shaped variety, longer at the back than at the sides and sloping off rapidly to about the waist in front, generally decorated with from one to three gathered frills of the material put on full all the way round. Is this the prelude



AN UP-TO-DATE COSTUME.

to the wearing of a shawl, of which rumours are heard? I think not; shawls are usually accompanied by full and distended skirts. Now, the coming skirt will continue to cling close to the figure at the top, and especially will it sit as tight as may be at the back. The Paris models are made very flat there, while they have the hips rather exaggerated (which, you see, adds to the flat effect of the closely laid back); the new corsets are heavily boned over the hips to give this projection, and even in a few cases a little pad is inserted on either side. Three-quarter length jackets are being largely prepared for the autumn season, the basques put on in accordance with this outline—flat back and full hips.

The flounce round the foot, inconvenient for heavy materials, will not be used for tailor-dresses. A very popular mode of trimming these will be strappings, either of the material or of satin. With wide hips, wide shoulders become a necessity, else the proportion is lost; the two together give a small look to the waist without the compression to which the well-grown and developed girl of to-day, cycling, golfing, and fencing, will not submit except for a few hours in the evening. The simplest plan to secure a wide shoulder is to have one or three strappings from the collar to the top of the arm, holding up the shoulder-slope; and strappings there are being used with this object, even when the rest of the coat is only stitched plainly or braided.

An original and up-to-date little coat is that of the face-cloth gown which is illustrated. The back is cut short and shaped in the familiar Eton fashion, but the front is a long loose double-breasted piece, stitched all round, and ornamented as well as fastened by the barrel-buttons. The revers and the waist-belt correspond, and are of satin, preferably black, whatever the tone of the cloth. The skirt is cut with a loose-falling plain band to correspond with the bodice-front. The other figure shows a cloth tailor-gown with the long basque at the back cut well away at the sides; the bands of stitching or strapping on the skirt follow the same outline. The coat is stitched or strapped round, and has a vest of a lighter shade of the same cloth, and an inner vest of pleated muslin.

When one reflects upon the sad scarcity of good domestic servants, it is quite tragic to read in the Report

of the "Settlement" at Canning Town that something like seven hundred little girls applied for places as servants, and satisfactory homes could only be found for under two hundred. There is something very wrong here. My regular readers may remember that ten years ago, after initiating in this column the Women's Jubilee offering to the Queen, I pleaded that the large sum raised might be expended in founding establishments for properly training girls for domestic duties, and I still think that this would have been the most permanently useful object for women of all classes to which that money could have been applied. Since then, however, the famous beer duties have placed an even larger sum at the disposal of County Councils for technical education, and a portion of it has been allotted to training-clauses for domestic work. Yet what has been done in this respect is evidently a mere "drop in the bucket" compared to the need. Nor does it supply what is most required—namely, a home (which, in this case, is equivalent to saying a workshop) in which, after receiving theoretical instruction, girls can remain for some months to acquire that practical skill which can never be attained merely from lectures, or from an hour or two a day spent in kitchens provided with all kinds of appliances that cannot be had in an ordinary household.

Domestic work is really highly skilled labour: it is the want of appreciation of this fact that has made us content to be absolutely without organisation for training the raw material into the useful servants that are so much needed. The girls who go out to a "little place" never learn their work properly; they are never given the reasons why they should or should not do such-and-such things—say in cooking, for instance—and without the reasons their rule-of-thumb work is sure to be often unsatisfactory, even after they have acquired some degree of practical skill; while during the time in which they are acquiring even that they are really practising on their unfortunate employers, and causing discomfort and waste in the households which they should be keeping in order and comfort. They, too, are discouraged by being expected to be able to do what they have never been taught to do, and either are permanently and stubbornly hardened in imperfection—or drift away to some other occupation. One has always supposed that there was a lack of the raw material willing to be trained, but the Canning Town "Settlement" record shows that this is not so, but that if there were only some means provided by which little girls of thirteen or fourteen could be properly trained there are plenty of them ready and willing to take up this, the most natural, and certainly the most necessary, of all the occupations open to unlearned women. If someone would only provide a noble sum, such as that which Sir Thomas Lipton is finding to start People's Kitchens, in order to found technical domestic schools for girls, how much permanent good would be accomplished!

Another point about training working-class girls for domestic service is that many of them are too weak for the work. The insufficient food and unhealthy conditions under which they have been "raised" do not provide proper muscular development for what is really such hard labour. I have heard this observation repeatedly made by lady workers among the City poor. A period of training where sufficient food was supplied would begin to make up this deficiency; and would also do something towards removing a further difficulty reported to exist by many competent observers—the lack of cultivated taste for various foods on the part of poor girls. During the taking of evidence by the Charity Organisation Society's Committee on Penny Dinners for School Children, this was frequently referred to: the uneducated palate, it was said, made the most poverty-stricken children apparently the most dainty. Now no woman can cook satisfactorily who has not herself a good sense of taste.

A throne which has long been practically without a Queen is that of Austria-Hungary. The Empress Elizabeth absolutely detests the state and ceremony and attention that belong to her position. For many years past she has spent nearly the whole time away from her own kingdom, travelling as quietly as possible under the most unassuming names. She was very fond of hunting while she was younger, and came several successive years to hunt in Ireland. On those occasions she called herself Mrs. Nicholson, that being the name of an English maid that she had, to whom she was much attached. She also spent several summers at Cromer; but the ordinary visitors there scarcely saw her, and many of them were unaware of her presence, inasmuch as she had a practice of getting up and taking her exercise while all the rest of the world was in bed; and during the time that the general public roamed about the Empress was carefully secluded from all eyes. She usually started for her walk between four and five o'clock in the morning, and returned about nine. One of her peculiarities was not to wear anything on her head, but she carried a very large Japanese fan, which she would unfurl if necessary to protect herself from the beams of the sun or from curious eyes.

As she was one of the most beautiful and graceful women in Europe, her subjects have naturally missed her from the head of their society. They hoped that at least she would take her full share in the festivities connected with the Jubilee of the Emperor; but this hope is baffled by the announcement put forth that she is in such bad health that she is obliged to go away to a place in Germany where there is a special treatment for affections of the heart. She has had almost a mania about becoming too stout, and her physicians say that for a long time she has not eaten sufficient to nourish her nerves. As she is now prohibited from taking violent exercise, she is turning her attention to intellectual work, and had undertaken the task of translating Shakspeare into Greek. The latter language she studied at first during a stay which she made in Greece, and when she left she took with her in her yacht a tutor in that tongue. However, she has been advised not to undertake anything so responsible as that piece of translation, and accordingly she is going to write her travels instead.

There is no male heir to the throne of Austria-Hungary; that is to say, no descendant of the present Emperor, who has, however, a daughter, an intelligent, charming young lady who would no doubt make an excellent sovereign. It is a singular fact that in countries where perhaps the most illustrious of all the monarchs have been women—such as Russia, where certainly only Peter the Great can be said to have stood on an equality in statesmanlike power and success with Catherine the Great; and Austria-Hungary, where the Empress Maria Theresa, though not, perhaps, very fortunate, was nevertheless a most distinguished and capable sovereign—there should at the present time be apparently an established rule that the women direct heirs to the throne shall be passed over simply because of their being of the same sex as those distinguished monarchs of the past. The Emperor Francis Joseph has done his best to recall to his people the excellence of Maria Theresa as a sovereign by putting up one of the most magnificent monuments in the world to her memory, but he has taken no more direct step to secure the succession for his daughter. If this were done, there is always, however successful the young Princess might prove, the danger of having a permanent pretender to the throne in the person of the man set aside to allow of the succession to the daughter. This is, of course, the source of the Carlist troubles in Spain, the present Don Carlos being the grandson of the Prince who would have come to the throne in 1833 but for the change in the law then specially made to allow Isabella to succeed.

The Emperor of Austria has taken one step that was neglected at our own Jubilee celebrations, where it would have been so much in place. He has decided to establish in honour of his forthcoming Jubilee an order of knighthood for ladies only, to be named after the Empress—the Elizabeth Order. In England there are only two orders of which ladies can be members, and one of them is confined to those who are either members of the sovereign's family, or (in a lower class) who have done some personal service to that family; while in the other case, the order is confined to women who have been connected with the Government of India. But for the generality of women, there is no order available here at all similar to the several orders to which men are so frequently appointed with such satisfaction to themselves for varying services to the country—such as the Bath and the Michael and George.

The Empress of Austria, by the way, is a great smoker, and her example—together with that of the Queen of



A CLOTH TAILOR-GOWN.

Italy, the Queen Regent of Spain, and the Queen of Portugal—has been cited to the Empress of Russia by the ladies of her Court, whom she has made unhappy by the request that they will not smoke when in her presence, nor when about to approach her. This, no doubt, strikes them as rather a hard saying, inasmuch as Russian women generally do smoke. The famous Madame Blavatski was rarely seen except through a cloud of tobacco smoke while she was resident in England.

FILOMENA.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The *Times* has thrown its weighty influence against the Ritualists. It has censured the Bishops for not taking a firm line, and is especially severe on the Archbishop of Canterbury for his failure to answer Sir William Harcourt. It warns the Bishops that the lawless clergy are getting quite out of hand, and says that "they have aroused great uneasiness in the majority of English Churchmen—a majority strongly attached to the Church of England, strongly opposed to the Church of Rome, and determined never to allow the priestly yoke to be reimposed upon their necks." Special attention is being given to the advocacy of the confessional. The *Record* says that manuals of devotion used in the Church of England freely supply forms of confession in terms such as these: "I confess to Almighty God, to Blessed Mary, ever Virgin, to Blessed Michael the Archangel, to Blessed John the Baptist, to the Holy Apostles Peter and Paul, to all the Saints, and to you, Father."

The Rev. John Wakeford, Vicar of St. Margaret's, Liverpool, and the Rev. A. M. Mitchell, Vicar of Barton Wood, have publicly defied the Bishop of Liverpool. Mr. Wakeford said that the Bishop was not justified in acting without the concurrence of the Presbytery, and the practices which he condemned were lawful. The Congregation would not be surprised to hear that they did not propose to give up altar-lights or vestments until the Consistory Court of the diocese, and after that the Court of the Province, should have found those things to be illegal. Mr. Mitchell informs the Bishop that the issue of the pastoral was singularly unfortunate. No more fatal mistake could be made at this juncture than to surrender anything hitherto approved and sanctioned, directly or indirectly, at the dictation of lawless ruffianism.

The authorised Life of George Müller, of Bristol, is being written by the Rev. Dr. A. T. Pierson, and will be published by Messrs. James Nisbet and Co.

It is said that the Duke of Newcastle has undertaken to provide a set of Communion plate for St. Paul's Cathedral to replace that given by Mr. Hooley.

Sir William and Lady Harcourt are yachting in Scotland with Lord Rendel, and attended a service conducted at Balmacara by the Rev. Dr. Whyte, of Edinburgh, Moderator of the Free Church General Assembly.

Canon Knox Little is to pay a visit to South Africa, and leaves England on Oct. 1.

Mr. Justice Phillimore, who is a High Churchman, made absolute the decrees nisi in a number of cases, but before doing so said he could not take the step as a Christian man without saying how much he regretted that on social, moral, and religious grounds these facilities should be given to people to dissolve the marriages they contracted.

Father Ignatius has addressed a long letter to the Bishop of St. David's regarding the recent ordination at St. Anthony. While vindicating the step he has taken, Father Ignatius says: "We made a promise of obedience to you outside the monastery. We always pray for you

as our Bishop. We sincerely desire to be your obedient sons and daughters outside the enclosure of the monastery. We shall at any time be most glad to receive you as our visitor and guest, and for your Lordship to see any member of the community in the monastery or convent privately in the church." V.

CHES.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the *Chess Editor*.

CONJECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 280, 281, 282 received from C. A. M. Penang); of No. 284 from A. G. M. (London); of No. 283 from R. Nugent (Southwold); of No. 284 from M. R. Nangle (Dublin); of No. 284 by G. Douglas Angus; of No. 284 by J. H. P. (London); of No. 284 (by W. Biddle) from Alfred Field (Newcastle-on-Tyne).

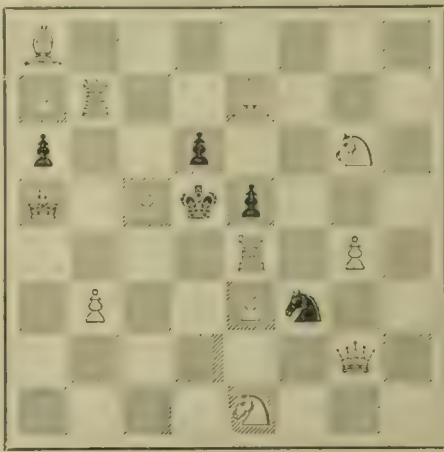
Deager, S O (Pittman), M N (New York), from George Stallingstedt,
Johnson (Cahoon), Alpha, I, D (Harris), C E H (Clifton), Captain
Spencer, C M O (Buyon), C M A, I, W (A. B. Bernard) (Upper), M
Thomas (Clariton) (Clariton), M, M, E, G (Stanton), J H (L, W C
L, E (Stanton), J Bailey (Newark), Thomas J. Andrews, S. C. (Haw-
ley), E Marshall (Dulwich), Thelma (Lewiston), L. G. (Cass), George,
L, I, L (Clifton), Miss T. G. (Lewiston), L. G. (Cass), J. A. (Haw-
ley), Norton (Horsely), F J Canoy, N (Hawley), L, E, H (L, E, H, L, E,
L, N. (Hawley), Frank (Hawley), C E (Hawley), Miss W. (Hawley),
L. (Hawley), L. (Hawley), T. G. (Ware), Foreinto, and A E J Carpenter
Iderpool

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2834.—By G. DOUGLAS ANGUS.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to B 3rd	B takes Kt
2. Q to Q 6th (ch)	K to K 5th
3. B to Kt 2nd. Mate.	

There is another solution of this problem by 1. B to B 4th (ch), etc.

PROBLEM No. 2837.—By W. CLUGSTON.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHIEF IN NEW YORK.

Game played between Messrs. F. J. MARSHALL and S. LIPSCHUTZ.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	needed to turn it in White or Black's favour.	
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd		P to B 4th
3. K to Q 4 B 3rd	K to K 3rd	24. P to K 4th	Q takes B
4. K to Q 4th	K to K 3rd	25. Q to K 3rd	Kt takes K
5. K to B 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	26. P takes Kt	B to Q 4th
6. K to K 3rd	(castles)		P to Q 4th
7. R to Q 3rd	P takes P		
8. R takes P	P to Q 4th		
9. Q takes K	P to K 4th		
10. R to Q B sq	P to Q, 4th		
11. R to B 3rd	R to K 2nd		
12. B to Q Kt sq	R to B sq		
13. Q to Q 4th	Q to K 4th		
14. P takes P	Q to K 3rd		
15. K R to Q 4th	K R to K sq		
16. K to K 5th	Kt to B sq		
Avere strong and, if possible, a sacrifice, which may be made, if the King is not castled. If instead, Kt takes K, P takes K with the same chance.			
17. P takes P	Q to K 6th		
18. P takes P	Q takes Kt P		
19. R to Q 3rd	P to Q R 4th		
20. R to R 3rd			
Threatening B takes Kt, B takes B, B takes P (ch), &c.			
20. P to K 4th	P to K 4th		
21. R to Q 4th	K R to Q sq		
22. K to E 4th	R to Q 4th		
23. Q to B 3rd			
The game is only critical now for both sides, and only a small advantage is			

CHES IN COLOGNE.

Game played in the Tournament between Messrs. SCHLECHTER and SIRINIZ.

(Vienna Game.)

WHITE		BLACK		WHITE		BLACK	
(Mr. Schie hter).	(Mr. Siemitz).	(Mr. Schlechter).	(Mr. Steu z).				
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	12. Q R to Q sq	B to K 2nd				
2. Kt to K 4th 3rd	P to K 4th 3rd	13. P to B 6th					
3. B to B 4th							
<p>One of the simplest variations of the Vienna Game is here introduced. By this variation White is bound to forego open both files and gain the attack by Q takes Kt in exchange.</p>				<p>Such moves as this indicate the most sound. By this move White is bound to forego open both files and gain the attack by Q takes Kt in exchange.</p>			
4. P to Q 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	14. P takes P		13.			
		15. Q takes Kt	P to K 2nd	14. P to K 3rd			
		16. Kt to B 4th		15. Q takes Kt	P to K 2nd		
				16. Kt to B 4th			
<p>It is not often a more stirring game is met with. Excellent White is not played in as "drawing" a game.</p>				<p>It is not often a more stirring game is met with. Excellent White is not played in as "drawing" a game.</p>			
5. K Kt to K 2nd	Kt takes B	17. K R to Kt sq		16. K R to Kt sq			
6. P takes Kt	P to Q 3rd	18. R takes B (ch)	K takes R	17. K R to Kt sq			
7. Castles	B to K 3rd	19. R to Q sq (ch)	B to Q 4th	18. R takes B (ch)	K takes R		
8. P to Kt 3rd		20. Q takes P (ch)	K to Q 2nd	19. R to Q sq (ch)	B to Q 4th		
9. P to Q 3rd	P to K 2nd	21. K takes P (ch)	P to K 3rd	20. Q takes P (ch)	K to Q 2nd		
10. B to Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd	22. Kt to Q 7th (ch)	Kt to K 3rd	21. K takes P (ch)	P to K 3rd		
11. B takes Kt	B takes B	23. R to Q 7th (ch)	Resigns.	22. Kt to Q 7th (ch)	Kt to K 3rd		

[illegible]

Yours to a Cinder!



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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and three codicils (all dated April 25, 1891) of Mr. George Frederick Muntz, D.L., J.P., of Umberslade Park, Knowle, near Birmingham, who died on June 8, was proved on Aug. 11, at the Birmingham District Registry, by Frederick Ernest Muntz and Albert Irving Muntz, two of the sons, the surviving executors, the gross value of the estate amounting to £1,017,653, and the net value of the personal estate to £856,799. The testator bequeaths £3000, certain furniture and effects, and all his plate, linen, musical instruments, household stores, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Sara Matilda Muntz; £72,000, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for all his children, excepting his eldest son; £50,000 to his son, William Edgar; £50,000 each, upon trusts, for his sons, Albert Irving, Ronald Aylett, Charles Alexander, and Joseph Oscar; £20,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters, Marianne Edith, Catherine Beatrice, Eleanor Constance, Jessie Emily, Lucy Elsie, and Minnie Isabelle; £10,000, upon trust, to apply the income first in keeping in repair the Baptist Church at Umberslade, known as Christ Church, and the schools connected therewith, and next in augmentation of the stipend of the minister or pastor; £10,000 to his brother, Charles Adolphus Muntz; £5000, upon trust, for Catharine Jane Richardson, for life; £4000, upon trust, for his cousin, Eliza Rodon, for life; and the residue of his personal estate to his son Frederick Ernest Muntz. Moneys advanced to children are to be taken in satisfaction

or part satisfaction of their legacies. He gives the Dorridge estate to his son William Edgar, the Jlytho Hill estate to his son Albert Irving, the Manor Farm estate to his son Ronald Aylett, the Shelley Farm estate to his son Charles Alexander, and the Monk's Path Farm estate to his son Joseph Oscar. The Umberslade estate, and all other his manors, messuages, lands, tenements, hereditaments, and real estate in the county of Warwick, he devises to the use of his eldest son Frederick Ernest for life, with remainder to his



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first and other sons successively, according to seniority in tail male. The residue of his real estate he gives to his said son Frederick Ernest absolutely.

The will (dated Jan. 21, 1896) of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Benjamin Alfred Dobson, Mayor of Bolton, V.D., J.P., Knight Legion of Honour, of Doffcockers, near Bolton, Lancashire, who died on March 4, was proved at the Manchester District Registry on Aug. 9 by Dame Coralie Dobson, the widow, Percival Gordon Dobson, the brother, and Percy Neville Palin, the executors, the gross value of the estate being £240,134, and the net personal estate £209,351. The testator gives his presentation plate and all his property in Westmorland to his son Benjamin Palin; and his horses and carriages, wines, and consumable stores, and £500 to his wife. He also gives to his wife an annuity of £1200 during widowhood, and £800 per annum, for life, in the event of her remarriage; and there are legacies to his trustees other than his wife. His residence, Doffcockers, with the furniture and effects, is to be held, upon trust, for the use of his wife, for life, and as a home for his sons under twenty-one, and his unmarried daughters. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated June 27, 1894) of Mr. Jonathan Pearson, of the firm of Messrs. R. H. and J. Pearson, Limited, ironmongers, Notting Hill Gate, of 6, Lansdowne Crescent, Notting Hill, who died on June 15 at Cotherstone, Yorkshire, was proved on Aug. 18 by Alfred Chilton Pearson,

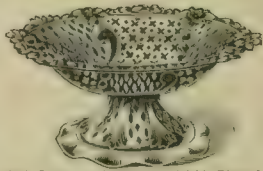
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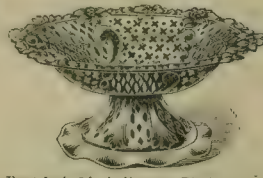
Round Fruit-Stand, in Prince's Plate, with Richly Cut-Glass Dish, £4 15s.



Fruit-Dish, 7 in. in diameter, Richly Pierced and Chased. In Prince's Plate, £3 3s.; in Sterling Silver, £6.



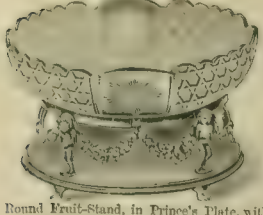
Beautifully Pierced and Chased Round-Shaped Dish, 9 in. in diameter. In Prince's Plate, £4 1s.; in Sterling Silver, £8 8s.



Fruit-Dish, 7 in. in diameter, Richly Chased and Pierced. In Prince's Plate, £3 3s.; in Sterling Silver, £6.



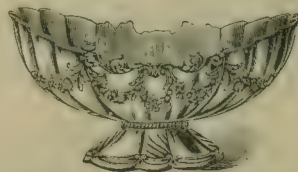
Round Fruit-Stand, in Prince's Plate, with Richly Cut-Glass Dish, £4 10s.



Round Fruit-Stand, in Prince's Plate, with Richly Cut-Glass Dish, £4 15s.



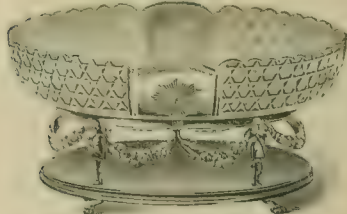
Oval Fruit-Dish, in Sterling Silver, Richly Chased and Gilt all over, 6 in. long, £5; 7 in. long, £8 10s.



Oval Fruit-Dish, in Sterling Silver, Richly Chased and Gilt all over, 6 in. long, £5; 7 in. long, £8 10s.



Round Fruit-Stand, in Prince's Plate, with Richly Cut-Glass Dish, £4 10s.



Oval Jardiniere, in Prince's Plate, with Richly Cut-Glass Dish, £8.

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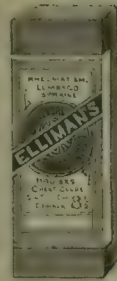
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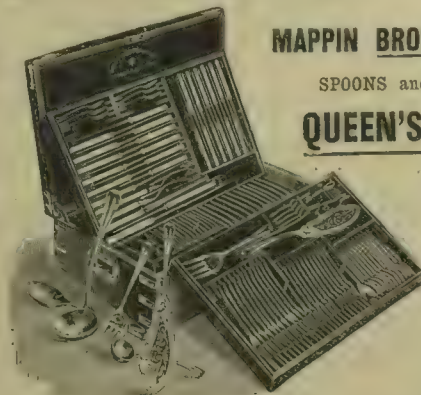
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the nephew, and George Boswood, the acting executors, the gross value of the estate amounting to £47,571, and the net personal to £31,591. The testator, after giving legacies to relatives, employees in his said firm, and others, gives the residue of his property to his said nephew, Arthur Chilton Pearson.

The will (dated Feb. 24, 1894) of Mr. Richard Hoyle Hardman, of Cliffe Tower, Rawtenstall, woollen warehouseman, who died on Feb. 20, was proved on Aug. 17 by Arthur Edward Hardman and Harold Wilton Hardman, the sons, and George Whitaker, the executors, the gross value of the estate amounting to £46,498, and the net personal to £38,852. The testator gives £500 and an annuity of £500 during widowhood to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Wright Hardman; his residence, Cliffe Tower, with the furniture and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife during widowhood, and then to his son Arthur Edward; an annuity of £100 to his daughter Nora Louise during the widowhood of his wife, and on the cesser thereof £10,000 is to be held upon trust, for his said daughter. There are some specific devises of various farm lands to each of his two sons, and the residue of his property is to be divided between them.

The will (dated Jan. 8, 1894) of Mr. Frederick William Anderton, of Warwick, and formerly of Bolton Royal,

Bradford, was proved on Aug. 10 by Herbert Foster Anderton and Francis Swithin Anderton, the brothers and executors, the value of the estate being £33,962. The testator bequeaths £200 each to his executors; £1000 each to his sister, Florence Ruth Anderton, and his friend Ernest William Townsend; and £200 to Alice Hastings Baxter. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves equally between his three brothers, Herbert Foster Anderton, Francis Swithin Anderton, and Alfred Foster Anderton.

The will (dated May 21, 1898) of Mr. Robert Allen, of Rockfield, Brocco Bank, cutlery manufacturer and merchant, who died on June 3, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on July 13 by Algernon Archibald Payne, the Rev. James White Merryweather, and George Harold Simpson, the executors, the value of the estate being £24,823. The testator bequeaths an annuity of £300 to his wife, Mrs. Clara Allen; annuities of £20 each to his nieces Kate, Lizzie, and Sally Pearce; and there are further bequests to his wife, executors, and others. The residue of his property he gives to his nephew Edward Pearce.

The will (dated March 22, 1894), with a codicil (dated May 12, 1897), of Mr. Francis Henry Harrison, formerly of Rio de Janeiro and of Glasgow, and late of The Hall, Bushey, Herts, who died on June 26, was proved on

Aug. 13 by David Ritchie Dickson, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £22,512. The testator leaves all his property equally to his two sons, Alfred Herbert and Ernest Lawrence.

The will of the Right Rev. Charles Richard Alford, D.D., formerly Bishop of Victoria, Hong-Kong, and late of 30, Wilbury Road, West Brighton, who died on June 13 at Tunbridge Wells, has just been proved by Mrs. Emma Alford, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the estate being £12,853.

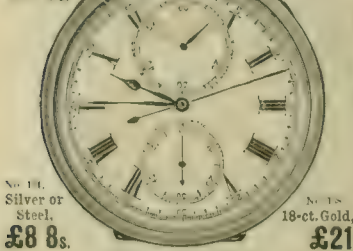
The will of Major-General Henry Lambert Fulke Greville, R.A., of Queen Anne's Mansions, Westminster, who died on July 5, was proved on Aug. 19 by Dame Fanny Lucy Cecilia Eden, the sister, and Major-General Arthur Pearce, the executors, the value of the estate being £5830.

The will of Mr. Frederic Cruden Baines, of Alexandria, Egypt, merchant, who died on June 28, was proved in London on Aug. 24 by Edward Talbot Baines, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the estate in England being £2225. The testator bequeaths £10,000 to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution; £1000 to his housekeeper, Emma Shanks, for her kind and courageous nursing of him through the cholera; and liberal legacies to his brother, nephews, godchildren, director of his office at

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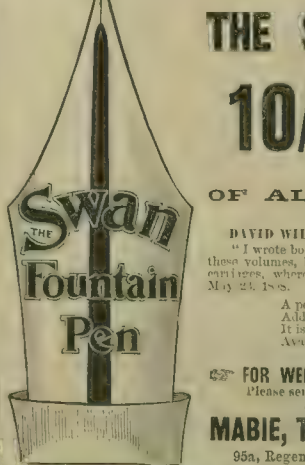
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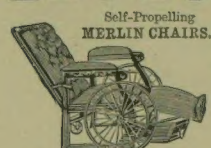
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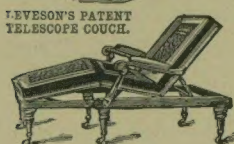
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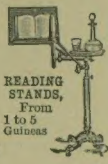
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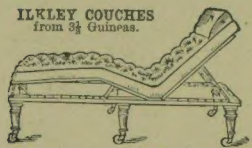
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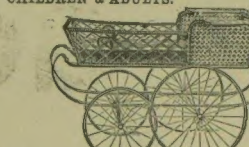
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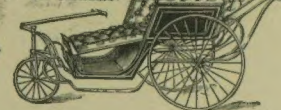
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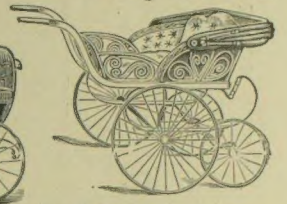
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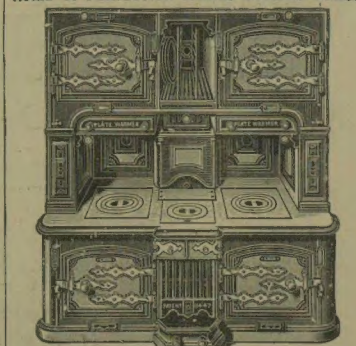
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